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Saturday Review

March 1, 1969 35¢

By Senator Jacob K. Javits

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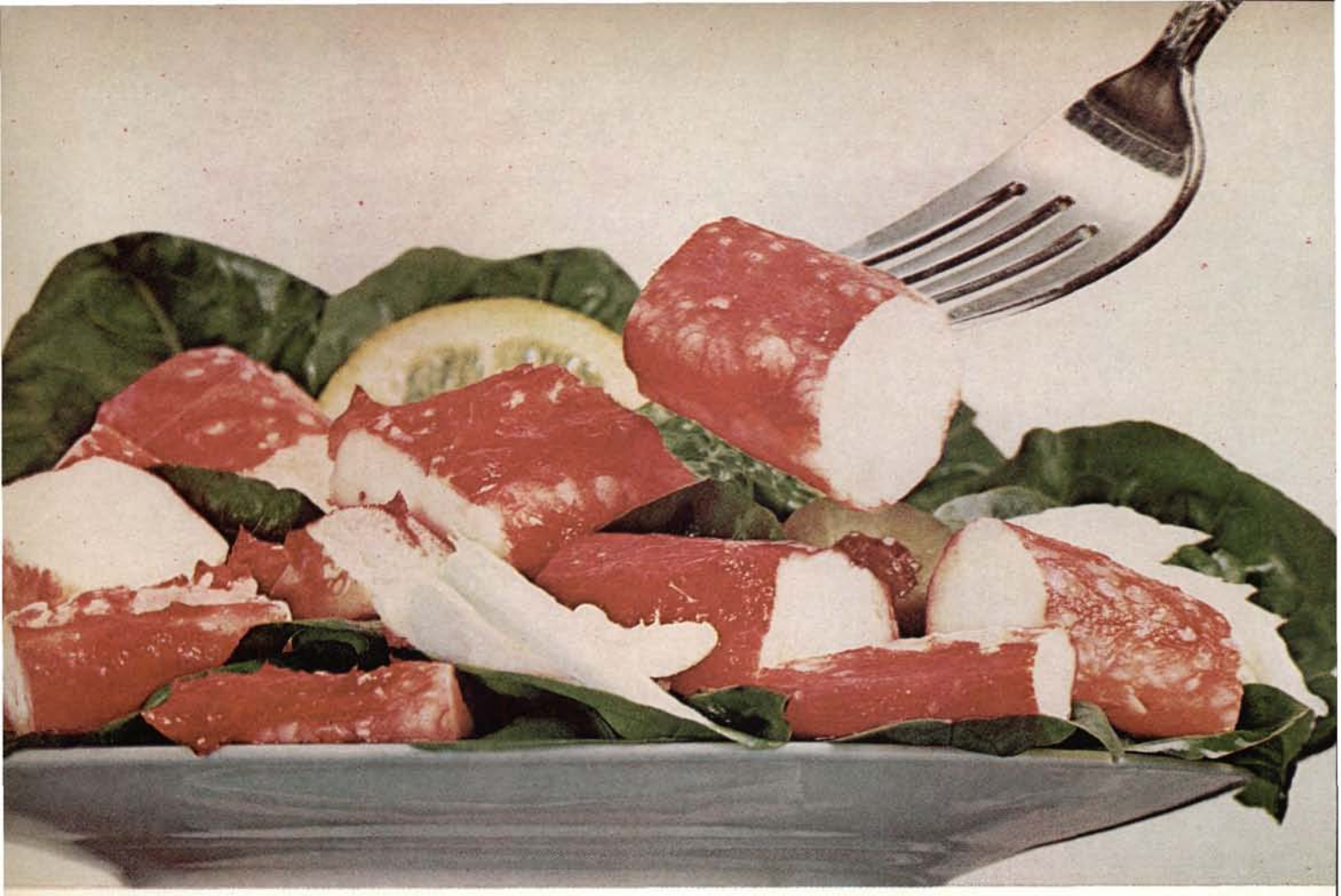

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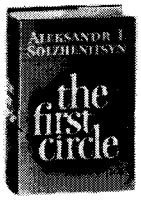

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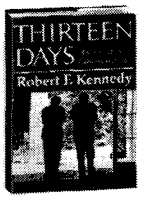

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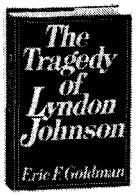

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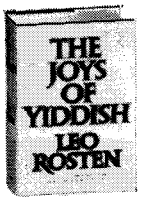

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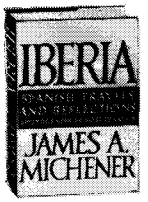

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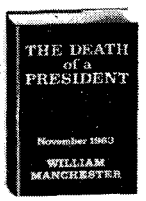

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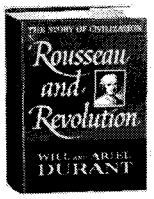

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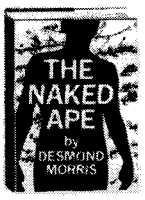

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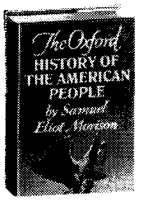

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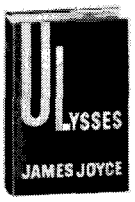

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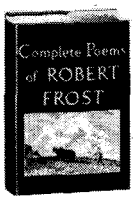

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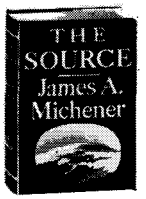

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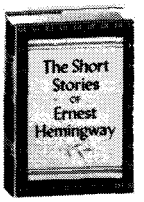

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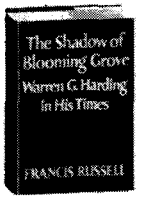

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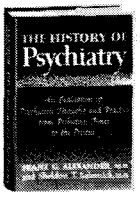

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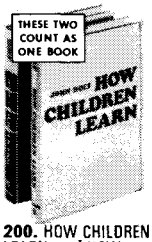

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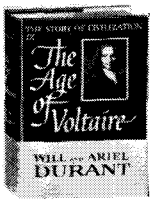

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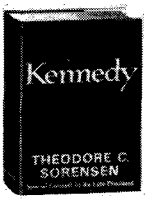

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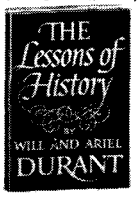

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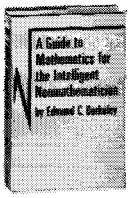

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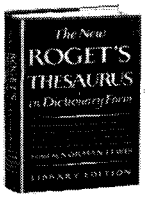

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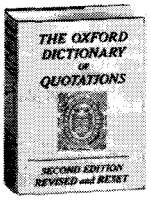

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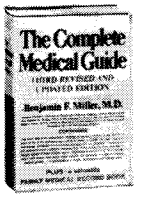

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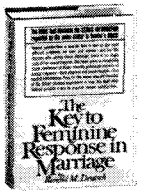

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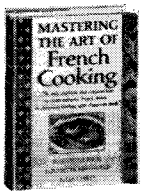

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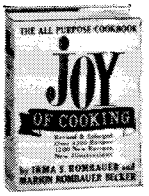

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Saturday Review

March 1, 1969

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Phoenix Nest

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Dr. Vendor

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at swallow.
Buttons are slaves to your imperial
touch.
Cash buys itself when the machine
lies hollow.
Money returner belches the
too-much.

Four flavors, seven smokes, and
nine confections;
Coffee—black, sugar, milk—
push twice for double;
Deodorants, aspirin, gargles wait
selections,
A nickle sermon psalms you out of
trouble.

See all gush forth from profitable
largess;
By walls of plenty dial for what
you've not.
To sodamat a glass of happiness,
Reach out and slip your magic in
the slot.

—Norman Nathan.

Rumpled

One of the small New York FM radio stations has recently been advertising men's slacks that are more than slacks. I have no idea what that means. What can be more than slacks? Or even twice as good? I am not concerned. A larger question nags me. This is the matter of rumpled tweeds.

Not long ago I read in *The New York Times* that a man who liked to wear rumpled tweeds had died. The *Times* offered no details—not a word about the kind of tweeds or who rumpled them. As the man was quite old I assumed he was a traditionalist who rumpled his own tweeds. One, of course, cannot be sure. I once ran across an account of a British earl, a rather devious character, who had his tweeds rumpled by his butler.

Some years ago the notion began gaining ground in the United States that rumpled tweeds were worn only by college professors and publishers. This simply was not true. Tweeds used to be as popular as flannels and blue serge, and a man who wore tweeds always made sure they were rumpled. If he bought new tweeds—nobody ever said a tweed suit—he usually wore them around the house on Sundays or on free evenings until they were properly rumpled.

Another erroneous idea that one still encounters is that only large men wore tweeds. It became a journalistic cliché to speak of a large man in rumpled tweeds. Some newspapers varied this by writing of a large man in baggy tweeds. This was an absurdity because it confused baggy tweeds with rumpled tweeds. Baggy tweeds and rumpled tweeds were not mutually exclusive, but few people could tell when baggy tweeds were rumpled and rumpled tweeds were merely baggy.

Not all men who wore baggy tweeds were large men. Tweeds made some men look larger than they actually were. Small men—in some cases weedy runts—loved baggy tweeds; and if they were lazy as well as little they were spared the work of rumpling new tweeds. For it is a well known fact that whereas a big man or one of moderate size found it fairly easy to rumple new tweeds—a man could roll around on the sofa in his tweeds or neglect to hang them up when they were not in use—smaller men spent more time in the rumpling and consequently frequently were exasperated. That was one reason some small, lazy men preferred blue serge even if it did become shiny.

Still, tweeds were desirable and, as we know, the introduction of baggy tweeds was attended by a drop in the sales of blue serge suits for small men.

Baggy tweeds—and to some extent rumpled tweeds—offered an additional advantage apart from the obvious one that they never wore out. A man could lose weight or gain weight inside his tweeds and nobody outside the privacy of his own house ever knew it unless his face showed it or he foolishly removed his jacket. I had a friend who always wore tweeds and to this day—we haven't seen each other in years—I have no idea if he was skinny or chesty.

A large man who looked untidy and fleshy in flannels or broadcloths, or a small man whose measurements had to be exact in blue serge, could escape into baggy tweeds and be immune from gibes or kindly counsel.

Tobacco pouches and pipes never bulged in rumpled or baggy tweeds, and a man could even carry a wrapped club sandwich in each of his side pockets without attracting attention. Baggy tweeds, in fact, had room for many things.

All in all, tweeds, baggy and rumpled, were an admirable asset in a man's wardrobe. They were a refuge, a joy, and as they were imperishable—I never heard of tweeds that weren't—it strikes me as a pity that so much misinformation about them exists.

Maybe Mr. Nixon will do something about it.

—John Ferris.

No Smoking

Wonderful things happen when you quit smoking.

You stop coughing. You're half asleep most of the time from loss of stimulation. Most of your friends become dull and stupid, and a good laugh is hard to find. After a week of not smoking, your friends get more interesting and life gets funnier. But not much.

The first day of not smoking is the hardest. Do it over the weekend, when you can stay in bed. If you're asleep, you can't smoke. When you wake up, stuff yourself with food. Yell at your spouse; cuff the children.

After about five hours of non-smoking, your family will beg you to start again. They'll offer you cigarettes. Refuse. Stamp around the house yelling and slamming doors to relieve the tension.

The first day at the office is the real test. Everybody will be drinking coffee and smoking. Don't drink any coffee; you'll have to smoke a cigarette with it.

Try not to get involved in the office with anything that requires talking on the telephone, meeting people, conferring with co-workers, or working alone. You'll need a cigarette.

Each day, things will get a little better. Your sense of smell will return. The first things you'll smell will be other people's cigarettes, cigars, and pipes.

Soon you'll be able to have coffee without a cigarette. And you'll be able to smell:

1) Wax, melting from the coffee container.

2) Coffee, which smells waxy.

Your greatest smell surprise will come one rainy day at home when you suddenly get a whiff of your dog. After smoking all those years, you forgot exactly what a wet dog smells like.

The smell is so bad it makes you cough. And you're back where you started.

—Dereck Williamson.

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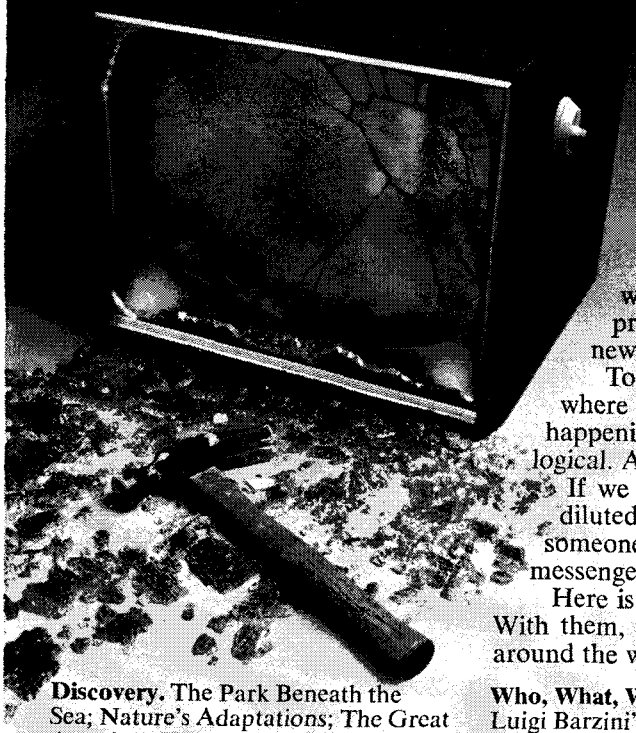
"None loves the messenger who brings bad news..."



Those who first heard the words of Sophocles had their wars, riots, disasters... all manner of things that saddened, depressed and angered them. And when they were told the bad news, it was often the poor messenger who was blamed.

Today, the messenger is frequently television. And because it's where things happen... Vietnam, campuses, ghettoes... as they're happening, some consider it a cause. That's quite human, but hardly logical. And certainly dangerous.

If we can't take the news—good and bad—uncensored and undiluted, to determine for ourselves the true causes of human affairs, someone will do it for us. That's very bad news. It can kill the messenger... and our free society.

Here is a partial listing of programs of special interest this March. With them, you'll continue to see what happens, often as it happens, around the world—but not through rose-colored screens.

Discovery. The Park Beneath the Sea; Nature's Adaptations; The Great American Harness Horse; Hawaii Coffee Growing. Sundays, Mar. 2, 9, 16, 23 (11:30-12 Noon).

Directions. Black Church in America (Part IV)—Black church leaders discuss the importance of their role in America today. Sunday, Mar. 2 (1-1:30 pm).

Children's Film Festival. Adventure in the Hopfields; The Little Bearkeepers; Testadirapa. Sundays, Mar. 2, 9 (1:30-2:30 pm), Mar. 23 (1-2:30 pm).

NBC Experiment in Television. Four Days to Omaha; The New Communicators; Bye, Bye Butterfly. Sundays, Mar. 2, 16, 23 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The 21st Century. Circle of Love; The Sleepwatchers; Can We Save the World? (Part I and II); Art in the 21st Century. Sundays, Mar. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (6-6:30 pm).

Sunken Treasure. The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—The crew of the Calypso discovers and explores a sunken Spanish galleon. Tuesday, Mar. 4 (7:30-8:30 pm).

First Tuesday. Once-a-month presentation of special news features. Sander Vanocur is anchorman. Tuesday, Mar. 4 (9-11 pm).

The Wizard of Oz. The musical classic starring Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger and Jack Haley. Sunday, Mar. 9 (7-9 pm).

Who, What, When, Where, Why. Luigi Barzini's story of Italy's famed frescoes recently exhibited at New York's Metropolitan Museum. Tuesday, Mar. 11 (10-10:30 pm).

Three Young Americans. The search for a meaningful life in modern society seen through the questing lives of three young people involved in socially useful projects. Monday, Mar. 17 (9-10 pm).

Hollywood: The Selznick Years. Ingrid Bergman, Katharine Hepburn, other stars appear in a review of the producer's career. Friday, Mar. 21 (10-11 pm).

Adventures at the Jade Sea. The harsh environment surrounding Kenya's Lake Rudolph, the primitive tribes that have survived there and Kenya's efforts to protect the area's remaining wildlife. William Holden is host-narrator. Wednesday, Mar. 26 (7:30-8:30 pm).

On Broadway. Kraft Music Hall—David Merrick and Broadway stars. Wednesday, Mar. 26 (9-10 pm).

Give Us Barabbas. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Henry Denker's Easter drama of the condemned-to-die thief and murderer who is freed instead of Christ before the court of Pontius Pilate. With James Daly, Kim Hunter, Dennis King. Friday, Mar. 28 (8:30-10 pm).

Tender Grass. Drama in observance of Passover. Sunday, Mar. 30 (12:30-1 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts with Leonard Bernstein. The conductor presents a varied program. Sunday, Mar. 30 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/ Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Untamed World/ Shell's Wonderful World of Golf/ ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/ Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/ Camera Three/Discovery/ Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/ Frontiers of Faith/Animal World/ The Killy Style/Frank McGee Sunday Report/G-E College Bowl/ The 21st Century/Wild Kingdom/ Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Those One-Stop Non-Stop Flights

EVERYONE'S BEEN scurrying about to find a solution to the hijacking of planes. So in my spare time I've given an intensively cursory study to the problem of these Castro divertible flights.

Actually, I became personally involved through a friend of mine, Ernesto Che Jones, a fiery, restless, and very nervous young rebel who is unable to speak or understand much of our language.

Being new to the hijacking game, Ernesto Che haplessly made the mistake of boarding the Seaboard Coastline *Florida Special* train, flourishing a bread knife, and walking up to the pullman porter in the parlor car and saying, "Havana, Havana!"

Before you put Ernesto Che down as a crackpot, let me give you some background on how this personable but naïve young man became so bitterly disenchanted with our country. I knew him as a bus boy in a restaurant I patronized, and was able over the months to piece together his story. It seems he escaped from Cuba to avoid being drafted into the Cuban Army. After working around Miami a few weeks, he saved enough for bus fare to New York and a few dollars to tide him over.

His trip was ill-starred from the start. On the bus he sat next to a fellow who sold him a half interest in the Empire State Building for $24 and his rosary beads. After he got here, Che had trouble locating his bus companion. He also had trouble locating the Empire State Building, and when he did he had to settle for bus boy in this restaurant where I met him.

I guess I was inadvertently responsible for his *Florida Special* caper, because on several occasions I kiddingly mentioned the hijackings to Havana. He always smiled and came alive at the mention of Havana, and signified that he too would one day get there. I thought he was hoping for the overthrow of the Castro regime. Little did I know he was planning to make the trip by train.

But because of what happened on the train, I think I've found the solution to our problem. It seems one of the passengers in the club car spoke Spanish. It was he who won the boy over by speaking in his native tongue. "*Buenos días,*" the man said pleasantly.

This opened up a new kettle of *pescado.* It also opened up Ernesto Che, who told the man his plan, and the man told him about the water the train couldn't cross over after it left the Florida coast. The man further advised him that only a plane could be hijacked to Havana. So after the train pulled into Newark, poor Ernesto Che Jones was last seen hightailing it to the airport to hijack a plane. Remember, I told you he's very nervous.

The point I'm making is that most of these nervous hijackers would repent if there weren't a communication gap on the planes. And I have here a booklet of things to say in Spanish to a hijacker, which is to be placed in every seat on all flights to the South.

The night I dreamed this up, I awoke, made notes on it, went back to sleep, and continued the dream. I was on a plane to Miami when the hijacker showed up in a wrinkled sport jacket and shouted, "Havana, Havana!"

"*Buenos días,*" I said. "*Hablo español.*"

He stopped in his tracks and stared at me.

"*Sí, hablo español. ¿Cómo está usted? ¿Dónde está su sobretodo?*"

"*Sobretodo?*" he asked.

That took him off guard, my asking him where his overcoat is.

"*Sí,*" I said, "*está nevando a Havana!*"

Well that shook him. He never heard it ever snowed in Havana. He started an argument. He told me it never snowed in Havana. The sun is always shining in Havana. Castro would never permit it to snow there. This is some more of that despicable American propaganda.

Stalling for time I said, "*Hable más despacio, por favor.*"

So he started speaking more slowly, extolling the glories of the free Communistic society in Cuba with such fervor that I was on the verge of being converted, when, alas, we were on the runway in Miami.

This was only a dream. Actually, I don't speak any Spanish at all except in dreams. But breaking the communication gap might work. Something better work. The way hijacking is flourishing now, and with the breakdown of the service on suburban trains in New York, any day some distraught commuter will be on a Florida-bound plane shouting, "Scarsdale, Scarsdale!"

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By PETER and BARBARA WYDEN

What every thoughtful parent should know about homosexuality

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- **What are the "intolerable conflicts" that set the stage for homosexuality?**
- **How can parents recognize – and deal effectively – with homosexual symptoms in the very young boy or girl (ages 4-11)?**
- **What are the most effective methods of prevention when a boy or girl has reached adolescence?**
- **In seeking help, how can parents find the right doctor, one who is both qualified and sympathetic?**
- **How can you judge the sexual atmosphere, or "tone," of your home?**
- **What are the six "danger signals" in young girls?**
- **What do the experts mean by the SECOND CHANCE of adolescence?**
- **Is the physically frail child more likely to become a homosexual?**
- **What's the right thing to do if your child is a "loner"?**
- **When is it dangerous (or wise) to break up a "chum" relationship?**
- **How important are the child's relationships to his playmates?**
- **How can the newly-relaxed sexual standards (that many parents fear) actually help to counteract threats to a teen-ager's masculinity?**
- **Why should you NEVER plunge into direct action of any kind, without careful thought and preparation?**

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More than 3,500 ministers have ordered advance copies of **Growing Up Straight** to help them in their counselling work with parents. In all, there are more than 59,000 copies in print before publication. Get your copy at your bookstore now or send the coupon and get **Growing Up Straight** by return mail.

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"I would regard it as the obligation of every parent to read a book as timely and well done as this one."—*Mary Calderone, M.D., Executive Director, Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S.*

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"Required reading for all those in the 'helping professions.' "—NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"ALMOST EVERY PARENT CAN BENEFIT FROM THIS BOOK. It is an outstanding work which should be of enormous value not only to fathers and mothers but also to educators—in fact, all who work with and influence youth. It will aid them (1) to design patterns of living to help prevent homosexuality from developing in youngsters and (2) to spot incipient homosexuality and, before it takes firm roots in the personality, to take steps to alter its course."—*Robert E. Gould, M.D., Senior Psychiatrist in charge of Adolescent Services at Bellevue Hospital, New York, and President of the Society for Adolescent Psychiatry.*

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Art

Egyptian Painting and the Ancient East. By Robert Boulanger. Funk & Wagnalls. $7.95.

Homeless Paintings of the Renaissance. By Bernard Berenson. Indiana. $17.50.

Seurat. By Pierre Courthion. Abrams. $15.

The World of Art Nouveau. By Martin Battersby. Funk & Wagnalls. $7.95.

Crime, Suspense

The Chinese Game. By Charles Larson. Lippincott. $4.95.

Die Laughing. By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott. $4.50.

Envious Casca. By Georgette Heyer. Dutton. $4.95.

The Evergreen Death. By James Fraser. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

Honest Reliable Corpse. By George Bagby. Doubleday. $3.95.

The Tallyman. By Bill Knox. Doubleday. $3.95.

A Taste for Death. By Peter O'Donnell. Doubleday. $4.95.

Tough Justice. By San-Antonio. Norton. $4.50.

Current Affairs

The Careless Atom. By Sheldon Novick. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

The Chornovil Papers. By Vyacheslav Chornovil. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

Counterplot. By Jay Edward Epstein. Viking. $4.95.

Men Who Play God. By Norman Moss. Harper & Row. $6.95.

Middle East Politics: The Military Dimension. By J. C. Hurewitz. Praeger. $11.50.

Theft of the Nation: The Structure and Operations of Organized Crime in America. By Donald R. Cressey. Harper & Row. $6.95.

Essays

The Balance of Power in Society and Other Essays. By Frank Tannenbaum. Macmillan. $9.95.

Borderlands of Theology and Other Essays. By Donald M. MacKinnon. Lippincott. $5.95.

Essays of Four Decades. By Allen Tate. Swallow. $10.

The Subversive Science. Edited by Paul Shepard and Daniel McKinley. Houghton Mifflin. $8.95.

Fiction

The Alien Light. By Iain Crichton Smith. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

Angels in the Snow. By Derek Lambert. Coward-McCann. $6.95.

Appointment in Budapest. By Eva Kennedy. McGraw-Hill. $8.95.

Autopsy for a Cosmonaut. By Jacob Hay and John M. Keshishian. Little, Brown. $5.95.

Blind Man with a Pistol. By Chester Himes. Morrow. $5.95.

Check to the Queen. By Renato Ghiotto. Putnam. $6.95.

The Feuding Postmasters. By Neill C. Wilson. Morrow. $4.95.

Forfeit. By Dick Francis. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Gentlemen and Ladies. By Susan Hill. Walker. $5.95.

High. By Thomas Hinde. Walker. $5.95.

In the House of the Lord. By Robert Flynn. Knopf. $5.95.

In the Middle of the Fields and Other Stories. By Mary Lavin. Macmillan. $4.95.

Sam's Song. By Shirley Schoonover. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

Satirical Stories of Nikolai Leskov. Edited by William B. Edgerton. Pegasus. $7.50.

The Wind from the Plain. By Yashar Kemal. Dodd, Mead. $5.95.

Yes. By Bibi Wein. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

History

Between Two Seas: The Creation of the Suez Canal. By Lord Kinross. Morrow. $6.95.

George Washington's Opponents: British Generals and Admirals in the American Revolution. Edited by George Athan Billias. Morrow. $7.50.

Horse and Buggy West. By Jack O'Connor. Knopf. $5.95.

The War in the Far East, 1941-1945: A Military History. By Basil Collier. Morrow. $8.95.

The World in 1968: History as We Lived It. By the staff of the Associated Press. Morrow. $7.95.

Literary History, Criticism

Novelists' America: Fiction as History, 1910-1940. By Nelson Manfred Blake. Syracuse. $6.95.

The Theological Novel of Modern Europe: An Analysis of Masterpieces by Eight Authors. By Kurt F. Reinhardt. Ungar. $7.

Miscellany

The Children. By Jan de Hartog. Atheneum. $6.50.

The Great Orm of Loch Ness. By F. W. Holiday. Norton. $5.95.

Hex. By Arthur H. Lewis. Trident. $4.95.

Love and the Married Woman. By Eustace Chesser, M.D. Putnam. $6.95.

The Mountain Lion. By Robert Murphy. Dutton. $3.95.

Raven Seek Thy Brother. By Gavin Maxwell. Dutton. $6.95.

Personal History

Arakcheev: Grand Vizier of the Russian Empire. By Michael Jenkins. Dial. $5.95.

Churchill Revised: A Critical Assessment. By A. J. P. Taylor, *et al.* Dial. $5.95.

Communist Councilman from Harlem: Autobiographical Notes Written in a Federal Penitentiary. By Benjamin J. Davis. International. Hardbound, $6.95. Paperback, $2.85.

Lawrence in Love: Letters to Louie Burrows. Edited by James T. Boulton. Southern Illinois. $7.50.

Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By Peter Kropotkin. Horizon. $10.

The Road to Change 1955-1959: The Journals of David E. Lilienthal. Harper & Row. $10.

Sabra. By Ted Berkman. Harper & Row. $6.95.

The Sport of Queens. By Dick Francis. Harper & Row. $5.95.

The Strange World of Ivan Ivanov. By G. Warren Nutter. World. $5.

Politics, Economics

The Money Men of Europe. By Paul Ferris. Macmillan. $6.95.

A New Foreign Policy for the United States. By Hans Morgenthau. Praeger. $6.95.

Politics and Society. By Robert M. MacIver. Atherton. $11.50.

Psychology, Sociology

A Naturalistic View of Man: The Importance of Early Training in Learning, Living, and the Organization of Society. By George Crile, Jr., M.D. World. $4.95.

Personal Space: The Behavioral Basis of Design. By Robert Sommer. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $2.45.

Psychology for Contemporary Living. By Dr. Charlotte Buhler. Hawthorn. $8.95.

Religion, Philosophy

Aristotle and the Arabs. By F. E. Peters. New York University. $9.50.

Christian Ethics. By David H. C. Read. Morrow. Paperback, $2.45.

The Gathering Storm in the Churches. By Jeffrey K. Hadden. Doubleday. $5.95.

Humanism and Christianity. By Martin C. D'Arcy. World. $6.50.

Peter in Rome: The Literary, Liturgical, and Archeological Evidence. By Daniel W. O'Connor. Columbia. $20.

The Will to Meaning. By Viktor E. Frankl. World. $5.

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

For the seventy-fifth birthday of a maiden aunt who loves music, Herbert L. Marx, Jr., of Teaneck, New Jersey, and other nieces and nephews presented her with a Toshiba stereophonic radio, equipped with separate speakers. The Japanese-made radio arrived securely packed. The music-loving aunt was pleased to see stamped on the box: HANDEL WITH CARE.

After the demise of *The Saturday Evening Post,* old stories kept popping up. One was from John Tebbel's book about the magazine's famous editor, George Horace Lorimer. A serial installment ended with the heroine drinking at night with her married boss in his home, while his wife was away. The next installment began with them having breakfast and the wife still gone. The *Post* readers of those days were shocked. Lorimer answered their protests with a form letter that said, "The *Post* cannot be responsible for what the characters in its serials do between installments."

"If imitation is the truest form of flattery, I should really be flattered," writes Stefan Lorant in his new book, *The Glorious Burden,* a pictorial and text record of the American Presidency from 1789 till now. He is referring to his 1953 book, *The Presidency,* which he says led to a whole lot of subsequent books on the same subject and based on his own research.

"Scores of pictures I had unearthed," he says, "made their reappearance in these books . . . They omitted any reference to my work . . . Even my mistakes were slavishly copied. In my earlier study I had identified the cartoon 'Mad Tom in a Rage,' as representing Thomas Jefferson . . . In my subsequent research I found that the figure is not Jefferson but Tom Paine. Yet that illustration appeared in many other books with the faulty caption, suggesting that the research of these bookmakers did not go much further than the perusal of my volume."

Mr. Lorant, certainly one of the most indefatigable legmen, has collected more than 30,000 illustrations relating to the Presidency. Of these he picked 1,500 for *The Glorious Burden,* added 350,000 words of text, and put together a 959-page book which is an amazing historical accomplishment. Lorant has uncovered plenty of new material for researchers, and provided an exciting story for the rest of us. As for imitating or equaling this one, forget it. This is it.

A cartoon editor studies rough drawings brought or sent to him by a few hundred cartoonists who live around the nation. If he thinks one is funny, he has it drawn up by the cartoonist and eventually it gets published in the magazine of which the editor is cartoon editor. That's what Lawrence Lariar has been

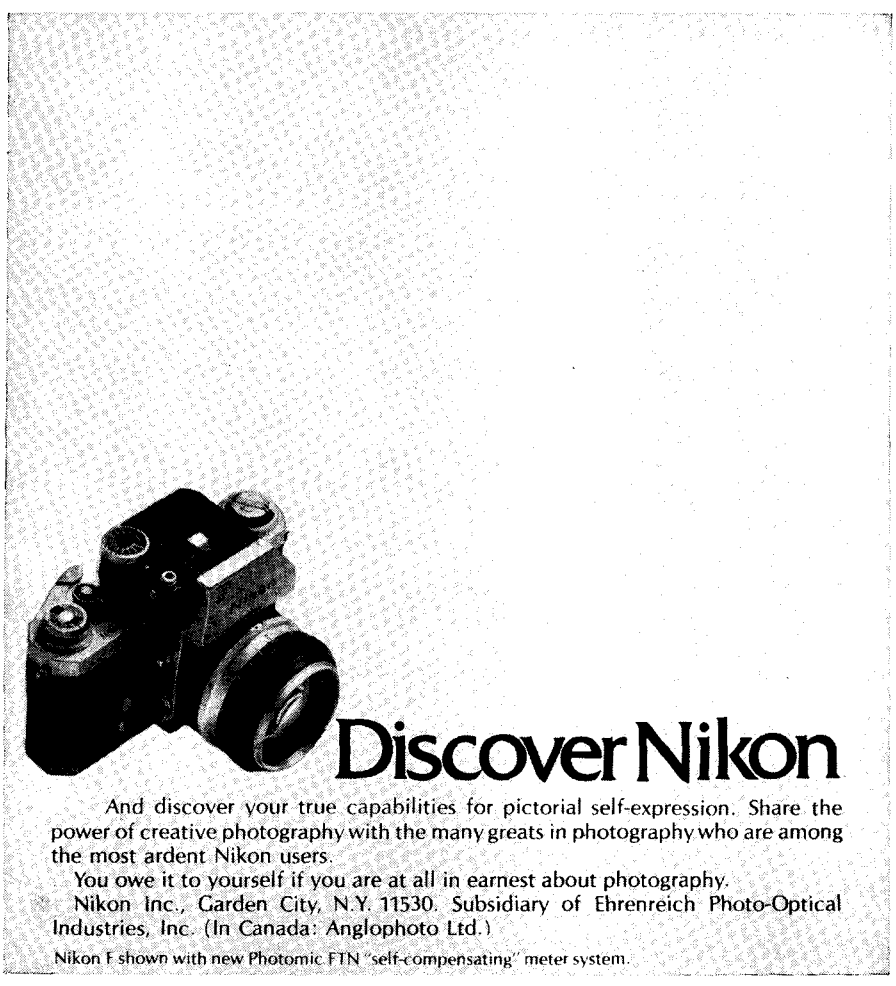
doing since 1941. Since 1957 he's been on *Parade,* and on February 5 he studied the 2,432,544th rough of his career. I know this because I asked him, as I had just received a copy of his *Best Cartoons of the Year* (Dodd). That's for the year 1968; it's the twenty-seventh consecutive anthology in this series.

The funny thing about Lariar is that he is a serious chap. Of his ninety-two published books, a couple of dozen are mysteries in which folks get murdered and beaten up. So as not to confuse us, he signs them with pseudonyms like Adam Knight and Mike Morris, etc. One of them concerned a cartoonist who was found dead in the men's washroom of a Manhattan magazine. I won't reveal the ending, but the cartoon editor, whose name was Butler, didn't do it.

Sharps and Flats: Lee Dembart reports that the elevators at the swanky Tokyo Prince Hotel have phones in them. On the wall is a plaque on which is engraved the following message: "How to Use the Telephone. Please push a White Button of the receiver after you took it off, and you can tell."

►Tessie Jaksohn of New York got a letter from our subscription department apologizing for "the errotic service."

►Something got lost in the translation of that Sam Goldwynism in TRADE WINDS [Feb. 1]. Ira Gershwin said, "You're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looking very well, Sam." Goldwyn replied, "What good does it do?"

►In *The Algonquin Wits,* Robert Drennan writes that Franklin P. Adams once asked a friend if she knew whose birthday it was. "Yours?" she ventured. "No," said Adams, "but you were close—it's Shakespeare's."

►In the August 1968 issue of *Soviet Life* there was a Coin-a-Caption Contest for American readers, in which they were asked to suggest a title for a picture of a photographer followed by seven piglets. Winners were just announced. Susan Chaffee of Goffstown, New Hampshire, slipped in "Animal Farm" as one of the winning entries.

►In 1918 when they laid the cornerstone of Westminster College's Swope Chapel in Fulton, Missouri, a copper box with documents for posterity was interred with it. Fifty years later the box was opened. Water had seeped in and destroyed everything. So much for posterity. However, old newspaper files revealed that the contents had been: pictures of three members of the Swope family, an alumni catalogue, a college catalogue, a copy of the campus publication, a commencement week program, and a Bible. Digging up time capsules doesn't sound like a very interesting occupation.

►A recent *Popular Mechanics* article on marine toilets was entitled "Plan A Head."

►Putting 10 cents into a public phone booth on the streets of Manhattan is utter waste.

►In Harriet Stolorow's freshman English class at Jackson (Michigan) Community College, one of her students listed as a reference *Satyrday Review.* Hmmm.

►How come the Department of Agriculture keeps expanding while farms and farmers dwindle?

►Show me a tactful baby kangaroo and I'll show you a diplomatic pouch.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1820)

(HERBERT) BLOCK:
THE HERBLOCK GALLERY

The novel feature of this idea is that it would apply to the poor; there is nothing new about guaranteed incomes for the wealthy—and guaranteed profits and tax exemptions besides. Whether these things destroy the incentive of the rich to work for a living, I don't know.

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That's why, on March 31, we're beginning a new 15-article weekly series called *Children in Trouble: A National Scandal.* The author is Howard James, 1968 Pulitzer Prize winner for national reporting.

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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

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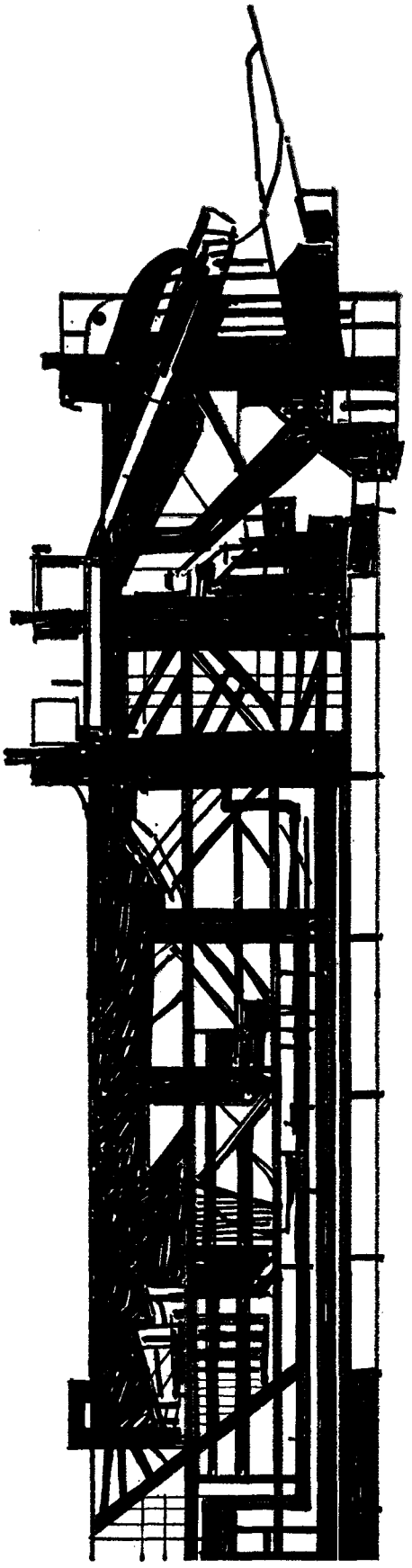
Jacob K. Javits

Can President Nixon Stop the Arms Race?



"THE greatest honor history can bestow," said President Nixon in his Inaugural address, "is the title of Peacemaker." The President clearly recognized—as do most Americans—that without peace in Vietnam, without intensive and successful efforts to avoid conflict in the "tinderbox" Middle East, his Administration will be tarnished in the eyes of the American people and in the sight of history.

But, really critical as are these immediate and obvious challenges to peace, history will probably judge the actions of our Government in the years immediately ahead by another standard—the longer-term prospects for peace as determined by the current decisions we make concerning the nuclear arms race and negotiations with the Soviet Union on the limitation of nuclear missile and anti-missile systems. For we are engaged in a massive nuclear arms race and historically arms races almost inevitably have led to mutually destructive wars. Because of the destructive power of nuclear weapons, the very survival of mankind is literally at stake.

Negotiations between the United States and the Soviet Union concerning the limitation of offensive and defensive missile systems should commence shortly. From all indications, both President Nixon and the Kremlin leaders give high priority to these negotiations—and it is long past the time when the momentous issues involved were given the attention they must have.

The setting in which Mr. Nixon has now assumed the Presidency is pertinent. Though partially obscured by the controversy over Vietnam policy, a major debate on many of the key issues relating to national security and the nuclear arms race has been in progress for several years. This debate has centered on the issue of the deployment of the Sentinel anti-ballistic missile system.

A disconcerting aspect of this debate has been that the proponents and opponents of the Sentinel system seldom talked *to* each other, as opposed to talking *at* each other—in both the literal and figurative senses. Now the Joint Chiefs of Staff, representing the professional military viewpoint and strongly supported by leading members of the Armed Services committees of the Congress, have apparently succeeded in convincing the Congress to commit the United States to the construction of a "thin" ABM system. But notwithstanding authorization and appropriation in the last Congress, the Nixon Administration has temporarily delayed further procurement and site location for Sentinel pending departmental and National Security Council review.

FORMER Defense Secretary McNamara, in his landmark speech of September 18, 1967, brought the issue to public attention and lifted the debate to a new level of sophistication and insight. He explained the dynamics of the "mad momentum" of the arms race and the dangerous cycle of "action and reaction" inherent in the interplay of U.S. and Soviet policy in the nuclear arms field with large risks and expenses but no real gains in security for either side. Two direct consequences resulted from Secretary McNamara's initiative. First, leading scientists of the academic community launched a series of attacks questioning the technical efficacy of the Sentinel system, and also warned of the dangers involved in "destabilizing" the current nuclear "balance of terror." Second, a bipartisan group of liberal and moderate

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The senior Senator from New York examines the staggering costs and perils of U.S.-Soviet competition in nuclear weaponry. "To preserve a climate of freedom in the world," he observes, "we need to use the whole range of political and diplomatic action open to us."

Senators (including this writer), led by Senators John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky and Philip A. Hart of Michigan, offered a series of unsuccessful amendments to various defense appropriations bills, seeking to defer the deployment of the Sentinel ABM system.

Mr. McNamara's successor, Clark Clifford, gave strong support to the position of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the traditional strategic doctrines which underlie the JCS position. "Others within and without the Government are free to work unqualifiedly for the best of all possible worlds," Mr. Clifford said. "The Secretary of Defense must make certain that we are prepared for the worst. I find this responsibility neither uncongenial nor unrewarding . . . my own deeply held belief in the importance of dealing from strength has not resulted from the past half year alone but stems also from my experience with the Administration of President Truman in the period following World War II."

There is nothing sinister about the view of former Secretary Clifford and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The pertinent question is not whether Mr. Clifford and the Joint Chiefs were "wrong" or "dangerous" in their views. Their attitudes were certainly the conventional reaction to the thought patterns of their opposite numbers in the Kremlin who still carry the day in Soviet decision-making councils.

But perhaps it is more in the national interest to approach the issue from a broader perspective. "Military strength is not enough," President Nixon said before his election. "We must move away from confrontation in this nuclear age. . . . In short, for arms control to be successful, we must first establish prerequisites and incentives, and this requires a cooperative pursuit of common objectives. We will succeed, first, to the extent that we can convince our adversaries to share our interest in stability and to rely on peaceful, not military, means for effecting change. Second, our success will depend not so much on mutual trust as on mutual knowledge, so that each side can know with reasonable assurance what the other is about."

These words go to the heart of the debate concerning the Sentinel ABM system and closely related questions involving the world strategic environment and the U.S. national security posture in the 1970s. As all those familiar with the ABM debate know, there has been little disagreement on technical questions; the entire controversy has turned on questions of judgment as to the intentions and designs of the U.S.S.R.

THE Assistant Secretary of Defense for Systems Analysis, Dr. Alain Enthoven, stated this explicitly when he told the Senate Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee, in explaining the mechanics of the Pentagon's Sentinel decision: "Finally it came down to the single really dominant driving assumption in this whole problem of the NIKE-X defense of cities, and that is: what would the Soviet reactions be?" From the evidence on the public record, it appears that this "single really dominant driving assumption" was decided by professional military technicians, whose horizons quite understandably are circumscribed and conditioned by established, conventional military assumptions concerning the Soviet Union.

My point is not that our military technicians are "wrong" in their assumptions about the Soviet Union. From their vantage point they are not. But what was missing was the dimension suggested by Mr. Nixon's prescription that, in seeking arms control agreements with the U.S.S.R., "we must first establish prerequisites and incentives." Significantly, he stressed the importance of "mutual knowledge" of what the other side is about. This is a step beyond the conventional military approach. Mr. Clifford's decisions to proceed with the development of the MIRV (missiles carrying multiple, independently targeted warheads), to give priority to the construction of the Sentinel ABM system, and to proceed with the acquisition of two new types of nuclear attack submarines, have been questioned in many quarters precisely because they may not entirely meet President Nixon's prescription.

The danger, in my judgment, does not rest so much with the decision to proceed with procurement of these new weapons per se, but with the effect it may have on the prospects for successful negotiations. As President Nixon has noted: "Technology will not stand still for the arms controller any more than it does for the military planner." But the greatest care must be exercised not to launch a new cycle of the arms race before negotiations even begin to prevent this.

Concerning future negotiations to limit offensive and defensive missile systems, President Nixon has indicated that his program will be "based on the assumption that East and West will continue to carry on technological competition . . . " and emphasized that the "initial purpose of arms control is not to deliver a final 'package,' but to establish a framework of consultation which will enable us . . . to cope with the onrush of technology in a cooperative way."

While the approach suggested by Pres-

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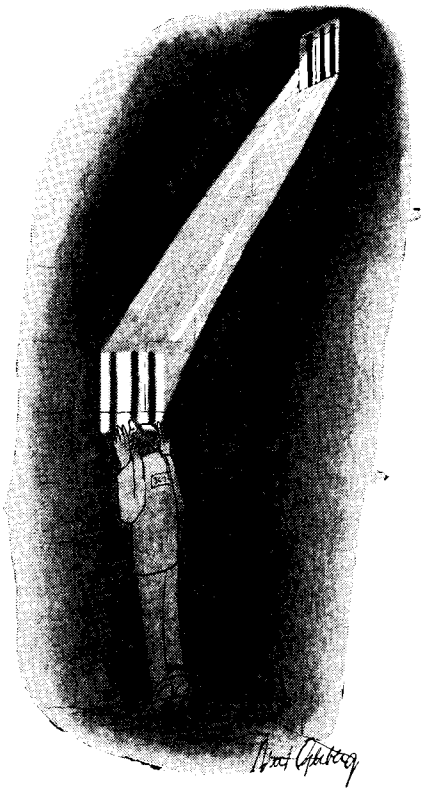
ident Nixon is sound and realistic, certain very troublesome questions remain which point up the urgency of getting negotiations started soon. First, there is the danger that the new weapons systems already announced by Mr. Clifford may—if the present hold on procurement and site location is lifted and they go forward—cause a "destabilization" of the nuclear balance. Moreover, the "action/reaction" issue raised by Secretary McNamara has been restated in a candid and highly pertinent way before a Senate subcommittee by the director of Defense Research and Engineering, Dr. John Foster, Jr. In replying to a question concerning the development of strategic nuclear weapons over the past decade, Dr. Foster said that "in each case it seems to me the Soviet Union is following the U.S. lead and that the United States is not reacting to the Soviet actions." The former director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, William Foster, summed up the case succinctly when he observed recently that "we now have a relatively stable situation in which each side has a fairly good idea of the other side's capabilities. With the deployment of new weapons systems, however, this situation could become very unstable and possibly dangerous."

The second very troubling aspect of the decisions to proceed with new nuclear weapons systems is its staggering cost. While a "thin" Sentinel ABM system has been priced at $5 billion, the "heavy" system requested by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and supported by some powerful Congressional leaders, is estimated to cost $50 to $75 billion. The replacement of Minuteman II missiles by Minuteman III will cost more than $4.5 billion. Twenty-nine new high-speed Sturgeon class submarines will cost $78,000,000 each, a total of more than $2.25 billion, and Mr. Clifford has estimated that the new "silent" submarines he ordered will cost $150 to $200 million each. In addition, according to Mr. Foster, "three weapons systems which have been suggested but not yet approved bear a price tag, over the next few years, of somewhere between $60 and $100 billions." This is far from a complete list.



The sheer magnitude in dollars of the next generation of nuclear weapons systems doubtlessly will have a braking effect on the arms race. Certainly the economy of even this nation is in no position to absorb expenditures for new weapons in this magnitude, unless we are prepared to become a real garrison state. The American economy is already dangerously overheated. Inflation is rising at a rate of more than 4 per cent a year, and our balance of payments position continues to be adverse. Even more importantly, we have urgent domestic problems – the crisis of the cities and other developments—which require large new federal expenditures in the years immediately ahead – and we are still fighting the Vietnam war.

The apparent eagerness of the Soviet Union to commence negotiations on the limitation of strategic missile systems is related also in considerable measure, I feel, to the almost prohibitive cost of the next generation of these weapons systems.

For these reasons I hope that prudence and moderation will prevail on arms limitation in the Nixon Administration, and also in the Kremlin. There should be no complacency with respect to the nuclear arms race. President Nixon made a most significant distinction at his first press conference when he stated that "sufficiency [of military power] is a better term than either superiority or parity." But he will need all the help and support he can get from the liberal and moderate elements of my own Republican party as well as the Democratic party if he is to seek and to succeed in maintaining some discipline over the defense budget.

During the campaign, Mr. Nixon spoke of the need to "synchronize our national security programs and the search for arms control and disarmament agreements," and, most significantly, he promised ". . . the evolution of a strategic doctrine, stressing the non-belligerent aspects of our national security posture." This is a philosophy that many in the United States will wish to support. If President Nixon succeeds in translating this philosophy into concrete effect, he will have achieved one of the great leadership revolutions of this century. Hitherto, the major departments of the federal government, and the powerful interest groups operating in the national security field, have exerted their energies and skills on a competitive rather than synchronized basis. The results of this *modus operandi* have been unfortunate on many occasions.

A truly synchronized effort in the national security field, including the evolution of a new strategic doctrine emphasizing the non-belligerent aspects of our national posture, could bring us truly enormous security benefits—more indeed than any of the proposed new weapons systems. But President Nixon can anticipate strong resistance to efforts to synchronize national security programs involving the several agencies and departments concerned. This resistance will come principally from habit and inertia—rather than ideology—although pockets of resistance on strongly held ideological grounds can also be anticipated.

THERE are ways, I feel, in which the principle of synchronization of efforts in the national security field can be pursued, and there are some non-military, security "trade offs" or options, which could have the dual merit of achieving big security gains while saving billions in weapons expenditures.

A breakthrough in our relations with Communist China could change the entire world security environment, for both the United States and the Soviet Union, and enhance the security of our nation much more than, for instance, the development of very expensive new nuclear attack submarines. The same can be said of attaining a true peace in the Middle East. Similarly, the establishment of viable, new mechanisms for dealing with the recurrent balance of payments and monetary crises of the Western industrial economies could contribute more to the strength and security of the United States than an ABM system —"thick" or "thin."

Then, of course, we always have our urgent domestic problems. Programs that generate breakthroughs on racial problems, inner-city decay, and environmental pollution could help solve the crisis of our cities and add immeasurably to the quality of life in the United States. Their success would significantly raise the morale of our own people, as well as our prestige and influence in the world, and thus directly enhance our national security. The possibilities noted here will be vitally affected by a more judicious deployment of our resources expended for "national security."

In advocating vigorous pursuit of non-

(*Continued on page* 63)

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

Mr. Nixon's Middle Course

WASHINGTON.

BY PLANNING a trip abroad so soon after his Inauguration, President Nixon may hope to arrest the isolationist trend that has followed in the wake of the Vietnam war. It should also reassure the world, and especially the Europeans, that the United States has no intention of abdicating her world responsibilities. Mr. Nixon is an activist in foreign affairs and he is making this clear from the start.

This does not mean that he will be what is known as an "interventionist," the kind he used to be in the early Fifties. One indication is a sentence in his statement about the purpose of his European trip: "The future of the countries of the West can no longer be an exclusively American design." This remark set the tone for his European reconnaissance; it perhaps also sets the essence of the foreign policy he wants generally to pursue: a strong middle course between the interventionism that would lead to more Vietnams and traditional isolationism.

Dr. Morton H. Halperin, who is now on Dr. Henry Kissinger's staff in the White House as secretary to the National Security Council, tried to define such a middle course in the *Journal of International Affairs*, suggesting it be based on three main principles: 1) self-help; 2) regional responsibility; 3) residual U.S. responsibility. Self-help means that the country or the region must assume primary responsibility for its own security; regional responsibility, that "neighbors work together to deal with economic and political causes of instability"; and residual U.S. responsibility, that "the U.S. will continue to maintain conventional forces and especially air forces to reinforce the efforts of American treaty partners in deterring and, when necessary, resisting aggression."

Although this was written well before Mr. Nixon came to the White House, this approach comes close to what the new President likes to call "the buffer concept." This view is almost the opposite of that held by John Foster Dulles, whose disciple Nixon once was. Dulles, of course, believed in committing the United States as much as possible around the world. To the NATO responsibility he added commitments to the Middle East through CENTO, to Southeast Asia through SEATO, and to other countries through bilateral treaties. Nixon, however, is well aware that the world has changed very much since then. The United States and the Soviet Union now stare at each other through nuclear gun barrels, and the problem is how to avoid direct confrontation.

The "buffer concept" is applied most easily to the Pacific, where Japan, the principal industrial power in Asia, provides an almost natural barrier. There is no such buffer protection in the Middle East. In this area, much now depends on the tacit understanding that neither the United States nor the Soviet Union will use force or the threat of force. Both Moscow and Washington are aware of the danger of either one's being sucked into the Arab-Israeli conflict, and are moving to reduce that danger. No American Government could stand for the destruction of Israel, something the Russians must be aware of.

It is also difficult to adapt the buffer concept to Europe, but here, too, Nixon may want to determine whether he can reduce the danger of direct Soviet-American confrontation. There are two basic approaches: creating a third force in Western Europe that would be based primarily on the British and French nuclear deterrent; or denuclearizing the center of Europe and gradually reducing the number of conventional forces in the area (once suggested by Sir Anthony Eden). The ultimate responsibility for the security of Western Europe would, of course, continue to remain with the United States. The Soviet posture, characterized by its crushing of Czechoslovakia, makes it difficult to think of Europe in buffer terms, and a new premium has been placed on Atlantic cohesion.

These are very likely to be the basic issues that President Nixon will want to discuss with European leaders before reaching any conclusions about American policy in Europe and before starting on the long, slow road of direct negotiations with the Soviet Union. Mr. Nixon has already said that technical negotiations, such as those about limiting the number of offensive and defensive missiles, must be accompanied by a political détente; otherwise arms control could prove to be a false safety valve resulting in increased tension because the Soviet Union might assume that it would be safe to allow tensions to rise again.

Essentially, Mr. Nixon will be groping for some in-between option that will save him from both Vietnam-like interventions and isolationism. President Johnson walked that middle path when he refrained from intervening before and after the abortive Communist coup in Indonesia in September 1965, and when he communicated with the Soviet Union in time to avoid a confrontation in the Arab-Israeli war.

President Nixon has demonstrated his commitment to foreign affairs. He is trying to keep ahead of American public opinion, which has not yet drawn up the balance about the war in Vietnam. It is still difficult to know whether Americans will judge the peace settlement, if and when it is reached, as a "sell-out" or as "honorable." Much may depend on this reaction. Much may also depend on the impressions the President will bring back from Europe. The basic trouble there is that the Europeans as yet have not succeeded in defining their own "common purposes," let alone those they share with the United States. But perhaps Mr. Nixon can give international diplomacy the new momentum it needs to usher in what he has called "the era of negotiations."

"I now pronounce you man and wife."

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THE SHAFT

By John Ciardi

AT FIRST light in the shadow, over the roach
like topaz on the sill, over the roofs,
the Old North Church spire took its time to heaven
where God took His to answer.

I took my drink
at clammy soapstone round a drain of stinks
and slid back into bed, my toes still curled
from the cold lick of linoleum. Ma was first,
shaking the dead stove up. Then Pa,
a rumble hocking phlegm. When the cups clattered
I could get up and climb him and beg *biscotti*
while Ma sipped cups of steam and scolded love.

The shaft went down five darks from light to light,
through smells that scurried, from the sky-lit top
where I built cities of kindling, to cobbly streets
that curved away as men go, round their corners,
to what they do after they kiss their sons.
Where *did* he go? He kissed me and went down,
a step at a time, his derby like a bob.
And then pulled under. And the day begun.

Later, when days were something that had names,
I went there with her, out of my sky-lit first
on the top landing, to the falling streets.
The stores were cellars and they smelled of cheese,
salami, and olive brine. Dark rows of crates,
stacked back to damp brick where the scurries were,
made tunnels in whose sides the one-eyed beans
were binned so deep I could lose all my arm
into their sliding buttons. In a while
I got my cookie and knew I had behaved.
Then up the shaft again, through its five darks
to the top landing where we lived in light,
and a latched-on fence playpenned a world I made
of slant and falling towns. Until his derby
rose from the shaft and all the kitchen steamed.

God's cellar was one more dark. A tallow deep
where nickels clinked at racks of burning flowers
and black shawls kneeled and whispered to the dead,
and left the prayer still burning when they rose.
He had such gold saints by Him in His dark:
why was God so dusty? Was He making
the dead from dust again because she prayed
and made me pray? Would all the dead be made
back to the shawls draped on those altar rails,
and come home singing up their shafts of dark?

I kissed the stone he changed to in his flowers.
But when he stayed away she would not waste
the prayers she lit but got him back in me.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "The Shaft" is one of a series of longer autobiographical poems being prepared by Mr. Ciardi for publication by Rutgers University Press.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Old North Church—"spire took its time to heaven where God took His to answer."

His letters came. From God and Metropolitan.
A piecemeal every week. And he had bought us
half a house in Medford—out of the shaft
and into green that had a river through it.

And still he would not come back, the garden summer
nothing to him, the fruit with nothing to say.
My aunt and uncle bought the other half.

God had a house there, too, but would not speak
His first Italian to her. She came home
and spoke the rest to Pa, hissing all night
how much she was afraid. Or a dream rattled
and speared her to a scream, and the girls woke crying,
and ran to fetch her water, while I lay
guilty of happiness, half deep in books,
learning to guess how much hysteria
could be a style of acting, and how much
have its own twisted face, and how much more
could be the actress acting what she was,
panting and faint but gripping the glass of water
they always ran to fetch and watch her drink
till she sank back exhausted by medication
and let herself be fussed to sleep again,
happy enough as long as she was feared for.
So all was well. And if a glass of water
and the girls' fears were medicine enough,
why the girls would wake and the pipes would not run dry.

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I lost her, and I lost them, shutting out
more night-rattling and more day-squalls
than I had sky for, there behind my books.
I made a cave of them and crept inside
and let the weather blow away unheard.

They had to run those weathers of the dark
forked day and night by lightnings of her nerves.
Not they, nor I, guessed half those howling years
the lightnings were her staff and they her sheep
to frighten close, all madness being fear.

And still they grew away because they grew.
And she came stalking after like a witch
when they strolled after supper. They found her out,
flitting from tree to tree with the black cat
of sniffed suspicion sliding at her feet,
a shadow in a shadow, and they led her
foot-blistering hikes through nowhere and back home,
slowing to let the shadow flit away
around the corner, slide into the house,
be dumped in a back closet, and not be there
to mar her innocence when she looked up
from sorting sorted socks at the kitchen table,
or sweeping the swept floor, and breathing hard,
but half believing their straight-faced innocence
as they clacked by to shut a bedroom door
on gales of whispering with giggly showers.

I read my book and guessed and didn't care.
An oaf in a madhouse. Keeping my escape
but staying on for meals. She learned at last
suspicion makes sore feet. But she wasn't finished.
Not while she still could faint and not come to
till everyone was crying in a circle
of guilt and glasses of water and grand opera.
I didn't know she was crazy. That we all were.

Nor that I dropped my book and lost my place.
I knew she had fainted and we were to blame.

Then, one night when the girls had invitations
her black cat hissed at, she stood in the doorway
ranting to turn them back, and when they argued,
she turned her eyes up, started breathing hard
and settled to the floor across the sill.
She had her act so polished by that time
she could sink like a dropped sheet, all one motion
and down without a thud. It was well done—
It took me in and sent me running for water—
but by whatever tells truth to the badgered,
it was too well done. When I came running back,
the girls had clucked her gently to one side,
pillowed her head, smoothed on a comforter,
and bent to kiss her cheek, cooing, "Poor Ma.
A nap will do her good." And off they clattered,
squeezing their giggles tight. Then even I—
the oaf of the litter—got it. I found the glass
still in my hand, started to put it down,
then drank it off. And, having watched that much,
sat down to watch the rest.

Were her eyes closed?
The girls' heels clicked across the porch and off it.
The last click jerked her upright in a rage,
but to one side, in case the girls looked back.
She hadn't seen me and I guessed she meant
to be found lying there when the girls came home.
God, what a weapon! I could *hear* her glower,
her lips grimacing vows to kill a saint.
"Have a good nap?" I said.

She snapped around,
head and body together in one shriek.
My skin crawled on a rasp of shame too late.
Then she was on me like her blackest cat,
its claws turned into fists. She beat so hard
it hurt me not to hurt. She'd hurt herself
unless I stopped her. Well, I'm an actor, too,
from a family of actors, I told myself,
and tried to clown it away. "Hey, Ma, lay off.
You'll hurt your wrist again. Come on, let's dance!"
The thing was to catch her mood and turn it around.
I picked her up—she weighed about ten pounds—
waltzed her across the room, her fists still going,
then settled her soft as dandelion fuzz on cushions.
"Just like your father, pig!" she tried to scold,
but her glower was out.

"So what? So it didn't work.
So now you can stop fainting. So what's lost?—
your stage career? It was a lousy act."

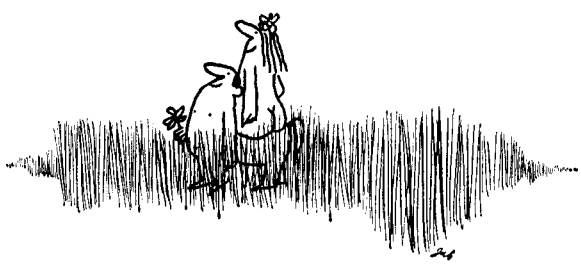
I'd kept my head just far enough above books
to guess my best chance was to play her husband.
"Just like your father," she scowled, but her grimace
quivered halfway to a smile. I thought I'd won.
But it slipped past a smile, turned into a giggle,
and out through a mad laughter to a scream
that had no actress in it but the fear
I was no husband to, and could not be.

—And gasped at last, since comedy is all,
to hiccups that went on until she lay
where comedy is nothing, strewn like lint
blown down into the bottom of a well
I could remember like the smell of tallow
inside a dark where racks of burning flowers
swallowed black shawls to altar rails of bone
down every dark and landing of the shaft.

If God still spoke her language there, I hope
she heard enough to promise her the light
I didn't know how to light her when I tried.

She did ease into age with half a smile
mending inside her. But her eighties raveled.
Her wits went back to muttering, and she sat
hugging a raggedy doll that would not light back
husband or son. And never saw us again
although we came and stood there in the shaft
bringing her pastries that oozed down her chin,
candies we had to wash out of her fist,
and jokes she did not hear the nurses laugh at.
She hugged her final dark to a rag God
who spoke in broken weathers to no wits.
And then we turned my father's grave and laid her
to take her time to Heaven in her last faint.

And there's a life, God knows, no soul would choose.
And if I send love after it, what's that
but one more scurry sounding down the shaft?



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Journey to California

NOTES of an itinerant editor: We recently spent a few days on the campus of the University of San Diego, which is located not in San Diego but in nearby La Jolla. In terms of natural setting and year-round climate, La Jolla is surely one of the most attractive areas on this or any other continent. The obvious question, of course, is why the university doesn't carry the name of La Jolla. The equally obvious answer is that the people of San Diego, who were promised a university in the first place, would not acquiesce in the proposition that it ought to carry the name of adjoining La Jolla, especially since most of the student population on the new campus would come from San Diego.

For years, the people of San Diego have had a feeling that their city was unappreciated and undervalued. The race for state pre-eminence and national recognition has always been between Los Angeles and San Francisco. California, however, may now be on the verge of being able to boast not of a Big Two but of a Big Three. For San Diego is now larger than San Francisco, and is moving up fast in many of those respects in which front-ranking American cities are measured. It has a population of 1,100,000—larger than that of Dallas, Denver, Indianapolis, New Orleans, Kansas City, Seattle, and Minneapolis. It is a manufacturing center for aviation, electronics, and space machinery. It is giving increasing attention to music and the arts. It has one of the finest zoos in the United States. It comes close to being an outdoor sportsman's paradise. And finally, after many years of neglect, it will have a major league baseball team of its own to go along with its big-league professional football and basketball teams.

The university, one of the newest in the state, carries high promise. Already, it has succeeded in attracting some of the nation's most prestigious academic names, especially in science. The architecture of the main buildings has been scored by faculty and students as being stark and cold, but the total effect is commanding and far from unesthetic; indeed, it is difficult to think of any reasonably adequate architecture that would not show to advantage in a La Jolla setting.

Our assignment at UCSD was as Regents' Lecturer. In the light of the national headlines about campus upheaval, we looked forward to this opportunity for several days of direct exposure. What we found during our brief visit was both reassuring and rewarding. Our contacts with the students were neither abrasive nor contentious. The students were open, engaging, deeply interested in ideas. Our impression was confirmed that the only generalization that can safely be made about college students these days is that they are not easily categorized. We saw no evidence—either at La Jolla or at other campuses we have visited in recent months—that the students can be easily mobilized under any single ideological banner. The accent is on individualism. Students as a whole seem to want to go their own way and to preside over their own lives. True, resistance to authority often seems to be an end in itself. For example, a movement has sprung up at UCSD to eliminate all restrictions on dormitory visiting. Many of the students recognize that open visiting is impractical and disruptive, but they don't want the authorities to make the decision for them.

One becomes readily aware of a wall of separation between the young people and their elders, but the wall is not nearly so high or thick as is commonly believed. And it is a serious mistake to think that no communication is possible across the wall, or, indeed, that there is no interest or desire by the kids to have meaningful contact with older people. Such contact is best effected on a level of equality. It is an error to conclude, despite the headlines, that a few hotheads and ideologues can push the great mass of students around at will. For the problem of the university—or of any of our public institutions—today transcends the hotheads. There are deep underlying causes behind much of the unrest, many of which lie beyond the campus. And the most persuasive of these causes, it seems clear, is the irrational and violent behavior of nations in a nuclear age.

We came away from UCSD with the feeling that the strongest single step the American college or university could take to build a solid base of support with most of the students would be to become a significant force for peace. At the moment, students tend to see the university more as a supine adjunct of government than as a fully independent and creative enterprise; they feel the university is becoming irrelevant and impotent in the face of what they consider to be the biggest issue in their lives. Many of them have become aware that religion, after some fumbling and delay, has emerged as a far more informed and concerned voice for peace than the school. As a result, many young people are coming back to the churches and synagogues, finding there a sense of participation in great issues unavailable to them on the campus.

* * *

WHILE in La Jolla, we were able to visit with Dr. Gertrude Weiss Szilard, widow of Leo Szilard, versatile physicist and key figure in the release of nuclear energy, who died at La Jolla five years ago. Dr. Szilard is now working on her husband's papers, preparing some of them for publication. She brought me to the special office in the university library in which the papers are now housed. We had a chance to thumb through some of Leo Szilard's letters and articles during the period from 1945 to 1955, when we were closely associated with him, barnstorming the country together in an attempt to draw national attention to the implications of the nuclear arms race.

Leo Szilard had the most advanced

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combination of specialized knowledge and unbridled imagination of any man we have ever known. He carried inside him a stabbing sense of responsibility for his involvement in the development of atomic energy. His original concern had been over the possibility that Germany might be the first to devise a nuclear explosive. With the defeat of Germany early in 1945, however, his main efforts were turned to the need to persuade President Truman not to use the bomb on living targets. He urged that the force of the bomb be demonstrated, on the basis of which an ultimatum would be issued to Japan. So long as there was even the slightest chance that the war could be ended without the use of the nuclear bomb on human beings, Szilard and his fellow scientists believed that this chance should not be ignored. After the President proceeded to order the dropping not just of one bomb but two, Szilard decided to dedicate the rest of his life to the effort of bringing the bomb under world control. His letters and papers are written in a strong, clean style and display a delightful wit. There is enough material here for perhaps three volumes: a semi-autobiography, a collection of scientific papers and documents, and a collection of published and unpublished material dealing with the world situation.

Leo Szilard was hospitalized for cancer for more than a year. He ran his own case and left the hospital completely cured of his malignancy. He went to La Jolla, where he pursued his new interest in micro-biology and bio-chemistry at the Salk Institute. Szilard had a close friendship with and high admiration for Jonas Salk and enjoyed working at the center that carried Dr. Salk's name.

* * *

THE day after we completed our assignment at UCSD, we accepted Dr. Salk's invitation to visit the Institute, the main structure of which is now built and equipped. It is located on a high knoll overlooking the Pacific. The architecture is clean, powerful, spacious. Dr. Salk sees the Institute as more than a center for medical research. He sees it as a place where all the main lines of science and the humanities can converge in the cause of a more sensible life for the human species. He believes in the ability of the human intelligence to meet its principal problems; he has strong ideas about the possibilities of both solitary and joint effort for increasing the fund of knowledge and for applying it in the human interest. His frank aim is to lower the barriers between the various disciplines. He would like his center to furnish an optimum environment for the creative intelligence.

These are exciting and essential ideas and there is little doubt, as one listens to Jonas Salk, that his Institute will become a prime resource for the human race and a forcing-house for progress.

* * *

FROM La Jolla, we went to Los Angeles to see Dr. Omar Fareed, who is in charge of recruiting for *SR*'s mobile medical relief project in Biafra ["ABC," *SR*, Feb. 1.]. Dr. Fergus Pope heads the on-the-scene operations for the project; he is now in Biafra, preparing to bring medical attention and food directly to the villages. Dr. Pope's personal experience in Biafra will serve as the basis for a substantial enlargement of the project. Dr. Fareed is now working on plans for staffing future mobile units. We went to see him at his home prior to his own imminent departure for Biafra.

Dr. Fareed told us of his progress in finding highly qualified physicians and surgeons to volunteer for service with the Biafran joint project. Dr. Fareed is also setting up medical facilities for the corps of pilots who at considerable personal risk are flying food and medicines directly into Biafra.

We were pleased to be able to tell Dr. Fareed of the heartening response of *SR*'s readers to the announcement of the project in these pages. Enough money has been received to pay for all the expected bills of the first three weeks of operations. One seventeen-year-old girl sent $1,500—her life-savings. She said she could think of no quicker or better way to be useful in the world than by helping to save lives that are in danger of being senselessly squandered.

By the time this issue appears, Dr. Fareed will be in Biafra, bringing to Dr. Pope the good news of the increasing support for the project and of the availability of qualified personnel for the expanded phase ahead.

Before leaving California, we were able to indulge ourselves, on two successive days, in tennis and golf games we will not readily forget. Dr. Fareed, a well rounded man, is a tennis player of considerable aptitude. He had arranged a doubles match in which my partner would be Jack Kramer, former world champion and all-time great. It is always pleasant to be in the company of someone who knows what he is doing; it is little short of exhilarating to be in tandem with someone who does it as well as any man who ever lived. In case anyone is interested in the outcome of the match, Mr. Kramer and I did not lose.

The next day—and if this seems like inexcusable name-dropping, we hope *SR*'s readers will forgive us—we played golf in Palm Springs with a fellow named Arnold Palmer. It quickly became apparent that both Mr. Palmer and Mr. Kramer were world champions in their respective sports not just because of their superlative abilities, but also because of their approach to the game.

Both have unbelievable concentration; both possess a passion for perfection; both have a supreme competitive zeal; both have the gift of imagination; and both experience infinite enjoyment in playing the game.

Some examples. At one point in the tennis match, Jack Kramer came to the net behind his serve, took a hard return on his backhand and raked it down the sideline with blazing speed. I was awed by the shot, but Mr. Kramer was displeased. "It should have been two feet to the right," he grumbled. "A faster man might have been able to put a racquet on it."

Similarly, during the golf match, on a par-five hole, Arnold Palmer's second shot came off his three-iron, rising into the sky like a homesick angel and coming to rest 235 yards away on the green, only 12 feet to the right of the pin for an almost certain birdie. Mr. Palmer shook his head, "I didn't allow enough for the wind upstairs," he said. "If I had had my wits about me, I would have checked the top branches of those tall palms before hitting the ball."

This kind of perfectionism in an imperfect world deserves to be more than recognized; it must be relished. Incidentally, if anyone is interested in the outcome of the match, I didn't win. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Race and Business

IN A LETTER replying to my article "Race, Jobs, and Cities: What Business Can Do" [*SR*, Jan. 11], Edwin L. Stoll, director of public relations of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, charges that I made "baseless allegations against Realtors" and cites my statement: "Simultaneously, realtors play on white owners' fears of economic loss and inundation by the invidious practice of 'block-busting,' and force their flight" [see LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Feb. 22].

My information on real estate industry practices came primarily from published hearings of the United States Commission on Civil Rights and the series of studies undertaken by scholars for the Ford Foundation-financed Commission on Race and Housing. Mr. Stoll would do well to review the extensive findings of these highly respected bodies.

But he does not have to go beyond the article for a specific example of the practices of members of a local real estate board in Lexington, Kentucky, where, as the article reports, it was necessary for IBM to use its influence before housing was shown to the company's Negro recruits.

JEANNE R. LOWE,
New York,N.Y.

JEANNE R. LOWE is right on target when she vividly identifies the economic self-interests of corporations that would be served by extending their recent fair-employment-opportunity efforts to the field of housing. The economic and political stakes should be convincing to even the most conservative businessman.

The real estate profession . . . would best serve its interest by mounting a massive voluntary affirmative action program, in the same way that some industries have done in employment.

WHITNEY M. YOUNG, JR.
Executive Director,
National Urban League, Inc.,
New York, N.Y.

On Losing Self-Respect

IN HIS ARTICLE "Parent and Child—The Hazards of Equality" [*SR*, Feb. 1], Thomas J. Cottle discusses the problem caused "*. . . when the superordinate—the elder, the* parent, the teacher—wants to equalize what must remain as that asymmetric relationship."

The deeper problem is the loss of self-respect. One of the facets of self-respect is the acceptance of our age. As Mr. Cottle indicates, ours is a society in which aging is dreaded. A tragic image indeed is that of a woman hating her maturing face and her graying hair. As we lose our self-respect, we frantically grasp the nearest thing our society offers, whether it's a mini-skirt or the trembling ear of a ten-year-old child.

Unfortunately, Cottle's suggestion to assert authority does not solve this deeper problem of self-respect. This is what upsets our youth, along with the rigid assertions of many authority figures that their ideas cannot be questioned.

LEE SWENSON,
East Palo Alto, Calif.

Nancy's Secret

IN REGARD TO Arthur Prager's valentine, "The Secret of Nancy Drew—Pushing Forty and Going Strong" [*SR*, Jan. 25], Carolyn Keene asks her readers for the sort of approach one brings to a fairy tale, without offering a fairy tale's art. I always read with the impression that Miss Keene was trying to put one over on me. I also found it hard to believe, and still do, that a girl could really identify with a teen sleuth who goes everywhere, sees everything, rides roughshod over her father, stays out after any suburban curfew, and has more accomplishments than a Renaissance courtier.

LAURA M. MURRAY,
Northwestern University,
Evanston, Ill.

CONCERNING NANCY DREW, that marvelous sweet-sixteenish super-sleuth and girl *extraordinaire*, God, how I envied her that roadster! But Arthur Prager's commendable article had not one word about Nancy's original creator, Edward Stratemeyer, who wrote under many noms de plume and whose syndicate employed many writers. Stratemeyer Syndicate authors were also responsible for the "Bobbsey Twins." Famous Syndicate noms include Arthur M. Winfield ("The Rover Boys"), Victor Appleton ("Tom Swift"), Clarence Young ("Motor Boys"), Roy Rockwood ("Mamba"), and, of course, Nancy's own Carolyn Keene.

JODY HABERLAND,
Boston, Mass.

Lunar Vehicle

IN "The Frontier Beyond the Moon" [*SR*, Jan. 18], John Lear stated: "The ferryboat that must carry the explorers down from lunar orbit to the moon's surface and back up again before the homeward voyage can begin is not yet in working order. Two of its three tests on Earth have ended in disastrous crashes."

The lunar landing module has been built by Grumman for NASA. The first and only flight of this module took place January 22, 1968. It was an unmanned earth orbital flight. As a result of its success, a second unmanned flight was deemed unnecessary by NASA.

The "disastrous crashes" of which Mr. Lear spoke occurred in a Lunar Landing Training Vehicle (LLTV)—not built by Grumman.

RICHARD C. DUNNE,
Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp.,
Bethpage, L.I.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Wall Street Journal on February 10 reported that in the January 22, 1968, test flight, Grumman's lunar landing module tumbled out of control and burned up in the Earth's atmosphere.*

"Try not to think of this as a traumatic experience—think of it as an unforgettable existential moment."

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SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET

The Political Thrust Motivating Campus Turmoil

The brothers Cohn-Bendit see anarchy as the solution to the horrors students find in modern society.

ALTHOUGH student unrest is almost as old as the university system itself, there has been no period in which it has been so widespread as in the 1960s. Student demonstrations have helped to change governments in countries as disparate as South Korea, Japan, Indonesia, Czechoslovakia, and the United States. The image of political stability in Mexico, Egypt, France, Poland, and Pakistan was harshly upset during 1968. Sukarno, Pompidou, and Johnson can all testify in their present leisure to the power student activists are able to mobilize. These episodes have naturally given rise to an extensive literature. Perhaps no other student effort has resulted in as many books as that in France during May and June of last year. A number of French bookstores now devote a separate section to these "events."

Much of this literature is written by professors and other intellectuals who seek to understand what has happened and draw conclusions compatible with their social and political positions. Many academics have tried to use the student revolt to redress personal or collective grievances against the particular university system of which they are a part. Others argue that there is something wrong with the educational processes, and press for specific reforms. Some have "joined" the student movement in an attack on the politics or institutions of the larger society.

Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit, who played a major role in the French student movement, have written their own analysis. Although their discussion in *Obsolete Communism: The Left-Wing Alternative* (McGraw-Hill, 256 pp., $6.95) is largely limited to the situation in France, they make a number of points which are worth evaluating in a comparative context. Daniel Cohn-Bendit was in an especially good situation to report, since he was taking part in student politics long before the 1968 outbreak. As an undergraduate sociology major at Nanterre, the suburban campus of the Sorbonne and the center of French activism, he became a spokesman and a symbol for the student demonstrators. Although born in France of a German-Jewish émigré family, he opted for West German citizenship on coming of age, a choice that made him vulnerable to attack as a "foreign influence" and eventually subject to deportation to Germany. Currently he is a law student at the University of Frankfurt and is active in the SDS (Socialist German Student Association).

Perhaps the first basic generalization suggested by the Cohn-Bendits is that the student revolt is primarily directed against the larger society, not the university. There is relatively minor emphasis in their book on the deficiencies of French education. They have little to say about the fantastic overcrowding, the lack of facilities, particularly libraries, and the centralized control over higher education in France—factors that have been cited

SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET, professor of government and social relations at Harvard University, has been engaged in research on the political behavior of students and intellectuals. His books include *Revolution and Counterrevolution* and *The First New Nation.*

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

8 ***SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books**

23 **"Obsolete Communism: The Left-Wing Alternative,"** *by Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit*

25 **"Post-Prison Writings and Speeches,"** *by Eldridge Cleaver*

26 **Literary Horizons:** *Granville Hicks reviews "The Collected Short Prose of James Agee," edited by Robert Fitzgerald*

27 **European Literary Scene,** *by Robert J. Clements*

28 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

29 **"Grant Takes Command,"** *by Bruce Catton*

31 **"Historical Consciousness or the Remembered Past,"** *by John Lukacs*

32 **"The Collected Stories of Jean Stafford"** (Fiction)

33 **"A Stronger Climate: Nine Stories,"** *by R. Prawer Jhabvala* (Fiction)

33 **"La Rhubarbe,"** *by René-Victor Pilhes* (Fiction)

49 **"The Power of the Unknown Citizen,"** *by Paul Kresh*

50 **"Everything Must Go,"** *by Keith Waterhouse* (Fiction)

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as causes of the outbreak. Rather, in the words of the Strasbourg students who initiated the current wave of French activism in 1966, they see the student attack on the university as "a revolt against the specific horrors of modern society." The Cohn-Bendits argue: "We are not so much protesting that our education is out of touch with the needs of the future, nor complaining about the shortage of jobs, we totally reject the entire system. Our protest only turns into violent action because the structure of society cannot be smashed by talk or ballot papers. To dream of turning the university into an 'island unto itself,' where every man will be able to work in independence and peace, is in any case an empty dream. . . ."

The Cohn-Bendit brothers deny that the 1968 revolt began at Nanterre because of special failings of that institution compared to other universities in France. As they point out, the dean of Nanterre, M. Grappin, was much maligned during the events, since he "was not the 'Nazi' people made him out to be, but a 'good' man of the Left." They emphasize that "Nanterre is a college with a liberal administration, and . . . M. Grappin wanted his institution to be 'one big, happy family.'"

In this respect Nanterre resembles many other schools that have been centers of student unrest. In the United States Berkeley was the most politically active campus, with more diverse Leftist groups, before the revolt broke out there in 1964. Columbia also, as a recent issue of the New Left paper *The Guardian* points out, was much more liberal than most other major American universities. Its administration made valiant efforts, before April 1968, to adjust to the political demands of the student radicals, including sharply reducing its cooperation with the government and the war effort. Grayson Kirk and David Truman both publicly emphasized their opposition to the Vietnam War. San Francisco State was headed by the most liberal college administrator in the country, John Summerskill, who, as a recent article in *Ramparts* indicates, went further to grant the educational demands of white and black radical students than the president of any other public institution in the United States. The Free University of Berlin was headed by a Marxist sociologist, Joachim Lieber, at the time violent demonstrations first occurred there. The London School of Economics, focal point of British student protest, has been notorious among conservatives as a center of Leftist agitation for many decades.

A second factor accounting for the catalytic role of Nanterre is that, as the newest and least traditional French university, it also was the only one with a full-fledged sociology department. In 1967-68 it had four professors, many assistants, and hundreds of students in that discipline. And as a leaflet distributed by student protestors in March 1968 pointed out: "Student agitation since 1960, abroad as in France, has been rife among sociologists. . . . The case was similar in the USA, in France, in Germany, and also in Poland and in Czechoslovakia." Centers of student agitation such as Berlin, Berkeley, Warsaw, the Charles University of Prague, and the London School of Economics have been among the principal strongholds of sociology in their respective countries.

—Keystone.

Daniel Cohn-Bendit at the Anarchist Congress in Carrara, Italy, September 1968: " . . . we totally reject the entire system."

The Cohn-Bendits explain the vanguard role of sociologists in student protest by pointing out that sociology "professors like to pass for Leftists, in contrast to the heads of other departments who apparently still hanker after the good old times." Simultaneously, sociologists' emphases on positivistic methods "have succeeded in taking out the political sting from their doctrines." To carry this interpretation further, it should be pointed out that sociology, more than other fields, attracts students interested in social problems—class, poverty, race, war, and the like. Studies of student attitudes and behavior in various countries indicate that the main sign of the likelihood that a student will support Leftist activities is a prior (pre-university) commitment to liberal-Left political positions, often derivative from family cultural influences. Such orientations increasingly lead students to choose college majors in disciplines like sociology, which seem to be removed from a commitment to the business world and the social status quo. But, as the Cohn-Bendits indicate, the shortage of jobs for sociology graduates in Western Europe exacerbates their discontent.

THOUGH the sociology students become strong critics of their discipline because of its failure to support radical social changes, they are also more likely to find faculty support for their political activities than those in less politically relevant or more conservatively disposed fields. Thus at Nanterre two of the four sociology professors, Henri Lefèvre and Alain Touraine, and most of the assistants strongly backed the student movement. In the United States, a study by Everett Ladd of the backgrounds of signators to seven anti-Vietnam War advertisements found that sociologists and anthropologists were much more likely to take such public positions than those in any other academic field. Behavioral scientists as a group were more actively anti-war than humanists, natural scientists, or those teaching professional subjects.

A third factor that distinguished Nanterre from other French universities, and one to which the Cohn-Bendits do not directly refer, is the social composition of its student body. Until the recent reforms students in France did not have a choice of universities; they were required to go to the one closest to their homes. Nanterre's jurisdiction includes the more well-to-do districts of Paris. American research (which may not hold true for France) suggests that the children of the affluent are more likely to have a liberal-intellectual orientation and to study fewer vocationally practical subjects than the children of the less privileged. The latter are more apt to major in vocationally oriented fields

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such as engineering, business, and pre-professional courses, and are either less political or more conservative in their outlook. And, as the Cohn-Bendits point out, the children of the bourgeoisie have taken the lead among youth in contemporary society in questioning the system, in showing disgust for "the dead, empty lives of their parents." The most concrete evidence that student protest reflects the values the protesting students bring to the university, rather than discontent produced by the deficiencies of the system, comes from a recent American survey by Alexander Astin of the American Council of Education. Astin collected questionnaires from a random sample of 35,000 students on 226 campuses. He found that when holding the traits of students constant, characteristics of the schools—*e.g.*, size, administration policies, quality of faculty—had no effect in determining the probability that a school would have political demonstrations for political or educational objectives. In other words, the differences between American institutions that have had demonstrations and those that have not seemed almost exclusively due to the type of students attending them. The more a school attracts intellectually oriented and liberally motivated students, the greater the chance of political activism on its campus. These findings are congruent with the position of the Cohn-Bendits that student protest is predominantly a political rather than an educational phenomenon.

Assuming, therefore, that we are dealing with a political phenomenon, the question arises why students are so much more involved than other groups. The Cohn-Bendits supply a number of answers. First, they point to the basic contradiction between the two prime functions of the university—innovation and socialization. On one hand, "a university must churn out the trained personnel that is so essential for bureaucratic capitalism. . . . The production of the maximum number of graduate workers in the minimum time calls for increasingly close contacts between the universities and industry, for the ever greater adaptation of education to specific industrial needs." On the other hand, "the university is supposed to be the supreme guardian of 'culture,' human reason and disinterested research, of unalloyed truth and objectivity. . . . Even a totalitarian society, with its determination to subjugate every part of life to the will of the ruling class, group or party, cannot in the long run afford to suppress scientific *objectivity,* and without it, would quickly perish. For strictly utilitarian reasons, modern societies need fundamental and 'disinterested' research. . . ."

The university's role as "a seat of

(*Continued on page* 47)

A Fugitive Voice Speaks Out

Post-Prison Writings and Speeches, *by Eldridge Cleaver, edited by Robert Scheer (Random House. 211 pp. $5.95), contains the al fresco polemics before student groups and in Ramparts magazine by the author of "Soul on Ice" while he was still on parole. Emile Capouya's own writings are frequently concerned with social issues.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

IT SEEMS VERY STRANGE to be writing a notice of a book by an author who is at once a political fugitive and an American. The two categories are mutually exclusive, are they not? After all, we Americans are accustomed to give sanctuary ourselves to foreign victims of political persecution, not to drive our own citizens abroad or underground. And we harbor political refugees not so much for their sake, I think, as from a sense of what our own dignity commands in such cases. We are strong and self-secure; a decent sympathy and generosity are clearly in order, for, as we always say, it's a free country.

That being so, it is hard to accept that we might produce political refugees of our own, as if we were one of those tenth-rate countries ruled by timorous power, afraid of its own shadow, mortally afraid of one resolute man. And yet, here is this glaring instance, the case of Eldridge Cleaver. The State of California claims that he has violated his parole and belongs in the penitentiary. But of course his crime has been to exercise the right of free speech—or better, to fulfill the citizen's duty to say exactly what he thinks on matters of public interest. Eldridge Cleaver believed that as a nation we still had a few imperfections (he arrived at that startling notion by comparing our ideals with our practice), and he said so. The State of California, meaning the Governor and the officials of the prison system, found his opinions detestable. He was threatened with the revocation of his parole if he persisted in expressing them. He refused to be silent, California imposed its cowardly sanction, and Cleaver fled—a political refugee.

—*Wide World.*

Eldridge Cleaver—essential testimony.

IN trying to silence Eldridge Cleaver, California violated his rights and kept him from fulfilling his responsibilities as a citizen. But that is the least of it. In harassing Mr. Cleaver the officers of the State of California violated the common weal. For again, it is not so much for the sake of the individual's claims to freedom of conscience and freedom of speech—compelling as these must seem to a polity of free men—that our laws and customs protect civil liberties. Much more important is the fact that effective guarantees of civil liberties for all the people are the health of the nation. We believe in the competition of ideas not out of special tenderness for the heretic and innovator but out of regard for all of us. How shall we govern ourselves wisely if the intellectual and spiritual resources of the nation are not fully available to us, if any serious voice is not heard in our councils, if basic criticism is discouraged or actively suppressed?

Eldridge Cleaver is Minister of Information of the Black Panthers, a legal organization, and until his flight he was an exceedingly effective spokesman for it. In the last Presidential election he was the candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party, a legal organization, and a good many Americans voted for him in preference to Humphrey, Wallace, or Nixon. So he was as visible as he was radical, and that was very annoying. He was also, like Malcolm X, a black man with a prison record, and that made him vulnerable. Now, Mr. W. H. Ferry, of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, has espoused a political program no less radical than Mr. Cleaver's, and on some fundamental points they are in complete agreement. I am in general agreement with both Cleaver and Ferry, and yet California is powerless to incarcerate me. Against the day when California can, under new statutes or none, imprison Mr. Ferry, or suppress this journal, or promote an atmosphere in which

(*Continued on page* 48)

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

Robert Fitzgerald has written a long, enlightening, and rather touching memoir for *The Collected Short Prose of James Agee* (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95), at the end of which he says, "Quite contrary to what has been said of him, he amply fulfilled his promise." That he had not lived to fulfill his promise, and that that was a great pity, was said of Agee many times in the years after his death at the age of forty-five. No one denied that he had been talented, but he had published only three books: a thin collection of poems, *Permit Me Voyage*; a short novel, *The Morning Watch*, and an unclassifiable book, much praised by some, sniffishly deplored by others, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*.

Since his death, however, there have been six volumes of Agee's work: a remarkable novel, *A Death in the Family*; two volumes of his writings on the moving pictures; a collection of letters to Father Frye; *The Collected Poems*, and now *The Collected Short Prose*. The quantity of the work is impressive, but of course it is the quality that compels us to agree with Fitzgerald's statement about Agee's fulfillment of his promise. The present volume is no pious gathering of scraps but a body of work that, in spite of some unevenness, shines with a unique radiance.

Fitzgerald, who had known Agee while they were both undergraduates and young poets at Harvard, became more intimately acquainted with him when they were employed on Luce publications, Agee on *Fortune*, Fitzgerald on *Time*. In his memoir he tells about Agee as poet, as journalist, and as an authority on the movies. He writes a little, a very little, and that with some reticence, about Agee's private life, which was often tempestuous. He makes us feel that our only legitimate concern as readers is with the work, and yet, up to a discreet point, he satisfies our inevitable interest in the man as a man.

The book opens with two stories that appeared in the *Harvard Advocate* in 1930 and 1931. Both of them are so superior to even the best of contemporary undergraduate writing that one is impelled to try to distinguish their special quality. In the first the narrator tells about something that happened while he was hitchhiking in the West; in the second the narrator recounts a dramatic incident that took place in a boarding house in which he was living while he dug ditches. Neither has the kind of technical sophistication that can often be found in college stories today, stories by young men and women who have read the right authors and learned from them. I am not disparaging that sort of sophistication, but what Agee has is rarer. Fitzgerald writes, "The adventure in each case partly happened and was partly made up; the stories are pure fiction in the usual way of pure fiction, as much so as stories by Hemingway, their godfather." Two things about these stories seem to me remarkable: first, that Agee exposed himself to experiences of this sort, to rough labor and poverty; second, that he was more interested in what he saw than in what he felt. Other young men went out on the road in the early Thirties, and some of them told eloquently what happened to them. Agee centers attention not on himself, though we know he is there, but on the Negro vagrant who is left to die in the desert, and on the pathetic, gentlemanly homosexual who is subjected to violence and scorn. I can't think of any other young writer in his early twenties who was precocious in quite this way. We see here the talents that, five or six years later, flowered in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*.

There are two satiric pieces that don't come off very well, and there are some fragments that are only moderately interesting. Among the miscellaneous items the most revealing is a list of plans for work that Agee submitted with his application for a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1937: "I am working on, or am interested to try, or expect to return to, such projects as the following . . . a story about homosexuality and football . . . a cabaret . . . anti-Communist manifesto . . . a new type of sex book . . . a new form of movie short roughly equivalent to the lyric . . . a true account of a jazz band . . . a show about motherhood . . . a new kind of music." (There are forty-eight in all.) It is not surprising, though it is regrettable, that he did not get his Guggenheim.

Of the later writings included, two are scripts for motion pictures. One is relatively easy to follow, for it is concerned with familiar material, the death of Kyo in Malraux's *Man's Fate*. The other, a script for what I suppose would be called an abstract movie, "The House," includes detailed directions that an amateur cannot easily understand, but one can see how carefully Agee had mastered the medium about which he wrote so well near the end of his life.

The volume is concluded with a well-sustained fable, "A Mother's Tale." What interests me more is a draft of an article on Brooklyn, commissioned by *Fortune* but not accepted. Called "Southeast of the Island: Travel Notes," it contains a little of the fancy writing into which Agee was occasionally led by his exuberance, but on the whole the prose is brilliant. For example, describing a statue in Prospect Park, Agee writes: "From a way down Flatbush Avenue it suggests that cloven flame which spoke with Dante in hell but by a nearer view, it is a man and a nude woman in bronze, and their plump child, eager for the Park, and it represents the beauty and stability of Brooklyn, and of human, family life. The man and wife stand back to back, in the classical posture of domestic sleep. It is a thoroughly vulgar and sincere piece of work, and once one gets beyond the esthete's sometimes myopic scorn, is the infallibly appropriate creation of the whole heart of Brooklyn. Michelangelo would have done much less well."

Agee always wrote impressively of things, especially the objects that make up the lives of what are sometimes called "the common people." (How scornfully he would have rejected that adjective!) He looked at things and saw people, and he made us look at things we had never looked at before and see people as we had never seen them. In *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, of course, there are Walker Evans's wonderful photographs, but how much Agee, by himself, can make us see, and how much, with his unique mixture of anger and love, he can make us feel! He was an angry young man if there ever was one, but his fury was remarkably selfless. Fitzgerald is right in maintaining that Agee's accomplishment was large enough so that we should not talk about unfulfilled promise. But if he had lived—we can't help wondering.

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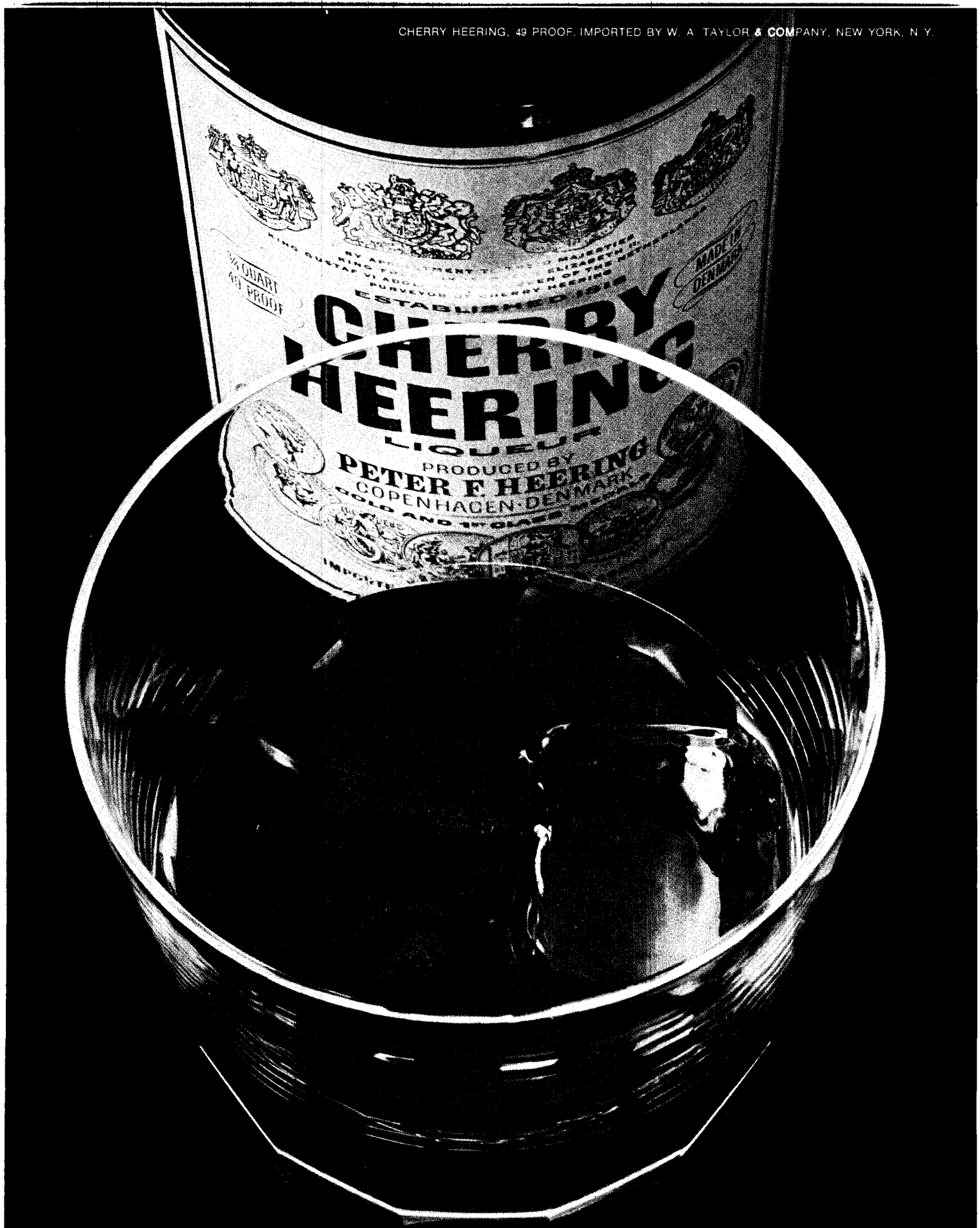

Man-sized. (Comes in lady-sizes, too.)

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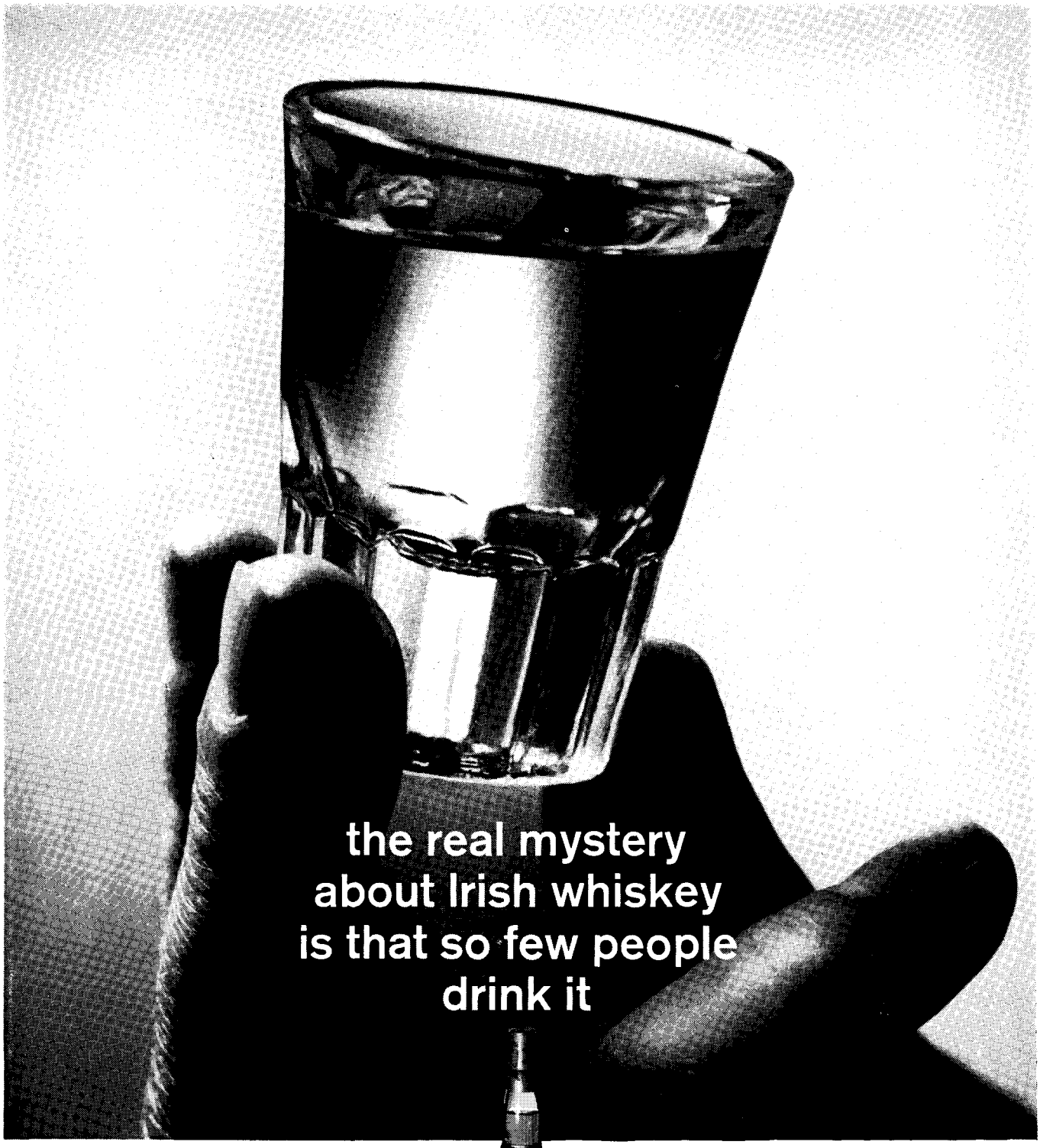

Psychologists say it's better not to repress strong emotions. And we have a strong emotion. It's about Irish whiskey. And Scotch.

Scotch is a fine beverage and deserves its popularity. But enough is enough already. The truth is, Scotch has obscured a drink that richly deserves its own place in the sun.

We're talking about Irish whiskey, specifically Jameson's Irish Whiskey. Many people have the notion that Irish whiskey has a taste as overpowering as Irish opinion or Irish politics and belongs only in Irish coffee. Not so. Its flavor *is* different. You could call it crisp. Or clean. Perhaps subtle is the word. Irish whiskey is a different drink and deserves a different set of adjectives.

Taste John Jameson 7-year-old or John Jameson 12-year-old. We think you'll agree that Irish whiskey—like the Irish—stands alone.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

Having recorded here the demise of such venerable literary journals as the *Mercure de France* and the *Cahiers du sud,* we must doff our hat momentarily for a more saucy and short-lived journal, *L'Enragé.* Founded by Jean-Jacques Pauvert during the May-June student riots in France last year, this illustrated satirical *hebdomadaire* (which never achieved a weekly schedule) began its satire where the older *Canard Enchaîné* left off. In no other periodical could one sense more clearly the rage and violence of the militant New Left. No pornography was too scurrilous if it could make a political point. (The Tricolor appeared as the first three sections of a roll of toilet tissue.) De Gaulle was of course the prime target, caricatured in every role possible, from prostitute to rat. To emphasize its view that Gaullist France was beginning to resemble Hitler's Reich, the June 24 issue was printed entirely in German. There were cartoons depicting gendarmes fusillading students in the streets. The anger spilled over onto other targets: Latin American dictators, the arms race, the Roman Catholic Church. American policies in Vietnam and Greece were inevitably satirized, and every pun possible on the initials CIA was invented. Last summer *L'Enragé* could boast from 35,000 to 50,000 readers. Toward the end, the police were reportedly confiscating 10,000 copies of the diminished press runs and arresting the journal's distributors.

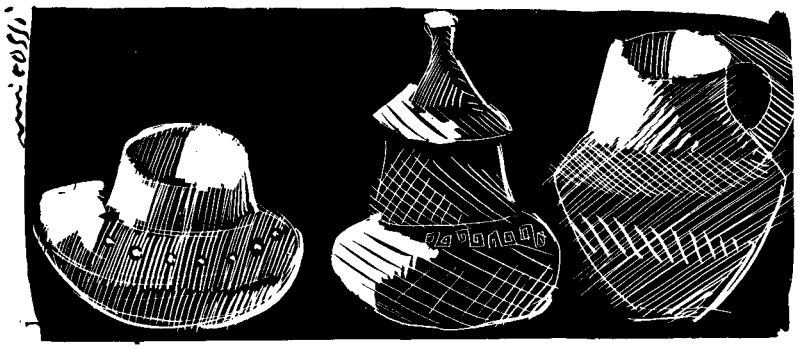
If future historians of the 1968 European student revolts wish to ascertain just what grievances touched them off, *L'Enragé* will be one of their best source materials.

The youngest German writers keep seeking new modes of expression that make their elders of Gruppe 47 seem out of date. Two publishers encouraging their endeavors are Luchterhand (Neuwied and Berlin) and K. & W. (Kiepenheuer & Witsch, Cologne and Berlin). With Gruppe 47 members Helmut Heissenbüttel and Otto Walter as advisers, Luchterhand favors such young experimenters in prose as Gabriele Wohmann *(Ländliches Fest)* and Ingomar von Kieseritsky *(Ossip und Sobolev),* or poets like Ernst Jandl, whose *Sprechblasen* (Comic Strip Balloons) consists of pattern poems or typewriter doodles. Here is his "Flamingo":

flam men
in
go home
men only
go home
in
flam men

Heissenbüttel and Walter do not neglect their more solid comrades of Gruppe 47, however, and Luchterhand has brought out, under the editorship of Theodor Wieser, a collection of Günter Grass's poems, *Porträt und Poesie.*

Rolf Dieter Brinkmann's mod poetry in *Die Piloten* (K. & W.) is punctuated with American comic strips (Dick Tracy, *et al.*), which still fascinate avant-garde writers and artists in Europe. A new phase of concrete poetry, a phrase associated with Rilke, is illustrated by such poems as "The Freezing Compartment" in Helga Novak's *Geselliges Beisammensein Prosa* (freely translated: Togetherness Prose). Her simple description of a freezing unit, though it defies classification as either prose or verse, recalls Grass's poems on wardrobes, rocking chairs, and other furniture but lacks his sense of humor. K. & W. are busily introducing young mod prose writers like Günter Seuren *(Kannibalenfest)* and the six junior neorealists who contributed to *Wochenende* (Weekend: Six Authors Improvising on a Theme). Liverpool's influence on Germany ever since the Beatles were discovered is evidenced by W. & K.'s success with its German translation of Sean Hignett's *Liverpool 8 (A Picture to Hang on the Wall).*



We once commented here on the invasion of *The Times Literary Supplement* letters column by assistant professors from American colleges. British indulgence toward these wordy Americans, who appear to view their epistles as a partial solution to the law of "publish or perish," seems to be coming to an end. Out of four consecutive issues there is only one letter from America, written by Thomas and Brian Kelly of Providence, Rhode Island. It was one the editors could hardly neglect. The English had already given up wondering wherever T. S. Eliot found the enigmatic working title for *The Waste Land*: "He Do the Police in Different Voices." Thanks to the Kellys, everyone now knows that it is a quotation from Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend.* Between that revealing missive and the present writing, nary a line from the USA.

The British Society of Authors is still circularizing influential people about its project to have readers pay authors a few pence per copy every time the latters' books are borrowed from a public lending library. The Society's latest Pocket Brief has gone off to members of the Publishers' Association, the libraries, and Parliament. The Society figures that at 10d. per title, an author with 2,000 copies of a book in public libraries would receive £85 a year.

Take a successful chap like J. B. Priestley, whose new *London End* (Heinemann) will be just as popular in the libraries as was its predecessor, *Out of Town.* He'd make a mint, as would Elizabeth Bowen with *Eva Trout* (Knopf) or Iris Murdoch with *Bruno's Dream* (Viking). Or take E. M. Forster, who must have about twenty books being lent now. He'd stand to collect £1,875 a year at the estimated rate. This might come in handy—certainly it would be more practical than *Aspects of E. M. Forster* (Harcourt, Brace & World), the volume of tributes for his ninetieth birthday composed by Elizabeth Bowen, Benjamin Britten, Malcolm Bradbury, and the rest of them.

There are three important books this month from turbulent Spain. Aguilar's thin-paper volume of the complete works of Vicente Aleixandre carries a sensitive introduction by Carlos Buosoño. Born in Seville, educated at Málaga, Aleixandre joined the coterie that included Lorca and Dámaso Alonso in Madrid, where he taught economics, and from 1928 wrote the fine free-verse poems collected here. Beyond his visions of nature and love and the arts, there are many stanzas (especially *Retratos* and *Encuentros*) dedicated to fellow-poets who took the road of exile, or stayed in

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Spain to fare badly under Franco: Jorge Guillén, Rafael Alberti, Pedro Salinas, Lorca. It was Salinas who wrote that "in the poetry of Aleixandre a cosmic sensuality serves human despair without an outlet."

A lengthy study of Antonio Machado's poetry by the distinguished Sánchez Barbudo has been published by Lumen in Barcelona. It is actually a chronological series of explanations of this Romantic poet's works divided between his two loves, Castile and Andalusia (like Aleixandre, he was born in Seville). Sánchez Barbudo wisely separates the personal poems from those devoted to the problems of Machado's generation, some of whom, like the poet, died in exile after the fall of Madrid.

Included in Aguilar's Biblioteca de Autores Modernos is Volume I of Alfonso Sastre's complete plays. We have written before about this prolific younger playwright, one of Spain's best, and known to the audiences of England's BBC. He has written dramas since 1946, and this new volume includes those up to 1961. Considering the current repressions in Spain, with students being jailed and professors ousted and exiled, it is unlikely that his countrymen will try to stage one of his best works, *William Tell Has Sad Eyes*. Its presentation was forbidden the very year (1955) of its composition.

Curzio Malaparte (born Curzio Suckert) made many a lira spoofing Tuscans and Neapolitans. The City Council of Naples singled out some pages of his *Pelle* (Skin) as outright libel. He was kinder to the French and the Maoist Chinese. Thanks to his Fascist connections he obtained special permission to build an expensive, isolated house on Cape Masullo, one of Capri's finest areas. During a visit to Mao in 1957 he was stricken with cancer and flown back to die in Rome. On his deathbed he willed his dream house to the Republic of China for the use of Chinese writers and artists. Mao started paying for its upkeep; but then relatives appeared, contesting the will. Italian Communists entered the scene to fight the relatives. It was a situation to which the late satirist Giovanni Guareschi would have done full justice. When Mao fell from favor with both Left and Right in Italy it was easy to declare *kaputt* a will bequeathing a $350,000 house to a Republic never recognized by Malaparte's fatherland. So it will now be made available to journalists from (where else?) Naples.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Miracle of RFK's Campaign

TWO COMMON ERRORS ARE REPEATED in Donald Young's otherwise excellent review of recent books about Robert Kennedy [*SR*, Feb. 8].

It is not true that "the young . . . . stayed with McCarthy" after Kennedy's entry into the race for the nomination. Aside from the huge crowds of enthusiastic young whom Senator Kennedy drew everywhere, we have the results of a national poll of college and university students which showed the relation to be approximately 55 per cent for McCarthy and 45 per cent for Kennedy. (I quote here from memory of a radio report which did not give the votes for Nixon, Wallace, or others. The newspapers I read failed to report on this poll.)

"Witcover points out," writes Mr. Young, "that Kennedy's reputation for 'ruthlessness' resulted from the need to be ruthless against the wrong man. . ." *i.e.*, McCarthy rather than Johnson. To the contrary, Senator Kennedy's reputation for ruthlessness was built up in the press and other media over several years prior to the 1968 campaign. His entry added fuel to the old fire by those, and particularly by those, who were responsible for distorting the Kennedy image out of relation to reality. The miracle of the Kennedy campaign is that the real man emerged, slowly to some, rapidly to others.

FRANK A. SIEVERMAN, JR.
Fayette, Ala.

Stigma of Complicity

EVERY POINT IN M. NOVELLA'S letter [*SR*, Feb. 8] is incontrovertible. I *know*. I was in Germany in 1925. At that time already friends told me about Nazi aims, quite legitimate in that early stage of their rise to power. The misery and the hunger of the unemployed were unbelievable. Something had to be done. Makeshift jobs and soup kitchens were the humanitarian first steps of the trampling jackboots that followed.

In the early 1930s I had contacts with political exiles from Germany. The reports I received, describing the Nazi brutalities against opposition, were satanic. The German intelligentsia were the first inmates and victims of the concentration camps. The Jews came later. I sent one of these reports to Dorothy Thompson. She returned it with regrets. Nobody will believe these atrocities, she wrote me. I will only be accused of anti-German bias.

When I read about the Concordat I cried out in despair too great for tears: "Oh, God! How can we now fight this menace when the greatest of churches comes to terms with it?"

It was a hopeless fight. The best people of Germany were tortured to death. Remember Dietrich Bonhoeffer? Not even in defeat would the Nazis permit opposition. One month before the collapse of Hitler's Third Reich Bonhoeffer was killed in one of their extermination camps in Bavaria.

Everyone, regardless of state or circumstances, who aided or abetted the Nazi horror carries the stigma of complicity.

ERNA POLLE.
Perkinsville, Vt.

The Price of De-pollution

WILLIAM DOUGLAS, REVIEWING Stewart Udall's book *1976: Agenda for Tomorrow* [*SR*, Jan. 18], states regarding pollution, ". . . marginal industries say they cannot pay the cost of compliance. And so the question facing communities is: Do we want full employment or clean water?"

There is a third alternative: reduce somewhat the employees' and owners' salaries so that the necessary funds for compliance are made available.

Abstractly, industry is responsible for the pollution of our environment but, concretely, it is we the people who condone that pollution by supporting that industry. And it is we the people who must stop it, each doing his own share, or else blight ourselves into starvation.

VIRGINIA VALIELA.
Haslett, Mich.

Subterfuge

MR. JOHN A. CARID [Book Forum, Feb. 1] grants that the relationship between Jordan Legier and Peter Kilburn (in James Kirkwood's *Good Times/Bad Times*) is homosexual, but suggests that Kilburn may be "too naïve" to recognize it as such. To argue this is to disregard what Peter tells us of his own history, his knowledge of realities, his acumen. His mother died of cancer when he was six. His father is an actor and alcoholic, twice married, who has been on the theater circuit most of his life, at least part of the time with Peter in tow. Peter has attended Hollywood High School, has worked in his spare time, admits he has "been around and seen a lot of weird things." Prior to meeting Jordan, he has been seduced by a male TV star. He is eighteen years old, has an exceptionally high IQ, and his perceptions, as we get them in the book, are generally of a high order.

It simply will not do to suggest that a young man with such characteristics and background is "too naïve" to recognize a patently homosexual relationship, or to recognize his place in that relationship. The reader is left with little choice but to assume that Peter knows his love for Jordan is homosexual (whether sexually consummated or not). The question remains: Why does this bright and candid young man go to such lengths to persuade us otherwise?

PETER L. SANDBERG.
Marblehead, Mass.

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Anomalous Hero of Appomattox

Grant Takes Command, *by Bruce Catton (Little, Brown. 556 pp. $10), reveals the Union general as a completely selfless man, who had a genius for seeing and acting upon opportunities in difficult situations. David M. Potter, of the Stanford History Department, is author of a collection of essays, "The South and the Sectional Conflict," published last month.*

By DAVID M. POTTER

DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY it appeared that Ulysses S. Grant was to be immortalized as one of a handful of the greatest Americans. When the personal memoirs of the Hero of Appomattox were published, old soldiers of modest means clubbed together to buy the two-volume set, and it had a phenomenal sale. After his death the tomb on Riverside Drive was dedicated in 1897 as a monument to him. At that time no other memorial to any other American except Washington was in the same class with it. Monumentally speaking, even Lincoln and Jefferson were nowhere, compared to Grant.

But in the twentieth century, his reputation plummeted. Without discounting Henry Adams's peculiarly virulent snobbism historians adopted his portrayal of Grant as a man who was "preintellectual, archaic, and would have seemed so even to the cave-dwellers." Perhaps the liberal bias of most historians has made them unsympathetic to Grant's political conservatism, but at best his Administration was not a success. Historians were keenly aware of this and, giving more attention to the scandals of his Presidency than to the successes of his generalship, they twice ranked Grant, in a poll conducted by Arthur M. Schlesinger, at the lowest grade, along with Warren G. Harding, as a complete failure as President. This ranking applied to his Presidency only, but still it seemed anomalous to regard Grant as a genius in one sphere and a moron in another.

The anomaly posed a challenging question: was Grant a dual personality—a military Jekyll and a political Hyde? Or is military command so different from political leadership that competence in one may co-exist with incompetence in the other? Or had Grant been overrated as a commander, and was he really a "butcher," a callous brute who wore down Lee's army by the uninspired and bloody practice of swapping Union lives for Confederate lives until the Confederacy had no more lives to swap? Laymen had made this accusation in 1864, and a certain number of students of military history made it subsequently.

Even while Grant was in eclipse, however, discriminating historians continued to recognize that some of his campaigns —especially the Vicksburg operations— showed real military genius. The only problem seemed to be that no one could account for such a performance by a man as ordinary as Grant. In 1929 the British soldier-historian J. F. C. Fuller published a study that, as military analysis, is still unsurpassed; in it he made a strong case for Grant as one of the truly great commanders in history. Gradually, the pendulum began to swing back, and historians modified their harsh portrait of the "butcher." But still, even the Civil War Centennial, with its plethora of books about forgotten and forgettable men, did not provide a complete and scholarly biography of Grant. Lloyd Lewis had begun such a life with his *Captain Sam Grant* in 1950, but it carried the story only through the pre-Civil War years, and Lewis died shortly before the book was published. Ten years later Bruce Catton continued the work of Lewis in his *Grant Moves South,* covering the Western campaigns (except for Chattanooga). Catton's account treated the Vicksburg campaign most effectively, making a clear case for Grant's superlative generalship. But this only confirmed a verdict that was already widely accepted. Nevertheless, the question still remained: were Grant's Virginia campaigns a sad anticlimax to his work in the West?

With *Grant Takes Command* Catton now completes the three-volume military biography which he launched in 1950. In doing so he goes over ground that he has twice traversed, first in *A Stillness at Appomattox* in 1953 and again in *Never Call Retreat* in 1965. But Catton telling three times the story of the fighting in Virginia in 1864 and 1865 is a little like Robert Browning telling twelve times the story of Guido Franceschini's crime in *The Ring and the Book.* Each time the story is different because it is told from a different viewpoint. *A Stillness at Appomattox* was primarily an account of what these campaigns meant in personal, human terms to the men in the ranks, who never had an overview of what they were engaged in. (The book did not even have maps, except as endpapers.) *Never Call Retreat* gave less than fifty pages to these campaigns, as part of a panoramic account of the last two and a half years of the war. *Grant Takes Command* is a much more intensive study of the problems that confronted the inconspicuous little man from Galena, Illinois, of the frustrations and vicissitudes that he experienced, and of the solutions that he found during his brief operations in Tennessee and his more extended ones in Virginia.

The narrative is fascinating and by no means all concerned with the movement of troops. There were some curious personal and political aspects as well. On the personal side was the gossip of Grant's intemperance. For many years now it has been reasonably clear that he was not a drunken general. But though Grant could put alcohol behind him, he could not put behind him his reputation as an alcoholic. It has not been so clear why the stories continued to crop up. Catton shows very effectively that men with grudges—"Baldy" Smith and Ben Butler—disseminated or encouraged such reports, which is not surprising. What is surprising, and very neatly demonstrated, is that, while Grant no longer had a compulsive craving for alcohol, his fiercely "loyal" chief-of-staff, John A. Rawlins, had a compulsive craving for the important role of saving Grant from alcoholism. For Rawlins's purposes, Grant had to be a potential alcoholic, whether he was or not. It was a case of Games People Play.

When Grant became general-in-chief of the Union armies and moved his headquarters to the Army of the Potomac, he passed from a basically nonpolitical situation to a basically political one. He, Sherman, McPherson, Sheridan, and the Western generals had operated with an easy informality based on trust and understanding. But the Army of the Potomac was beset by internal jealousies, distrustful of men from the West, and plagued by the presence of a number of generals who were incompetent as warriors but untouchable because of their political influence. Ben Butler was the supreme example, both in rank, incompetence, and untouchability. Grant met

—*Brady photograph, Bettmann Archive.*

Ulysses S. Grant—"a supreme realist."

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these political problems resourcefully. He carefully avoided displacing Meade as commander of the Army of the Potomac; without removing Butler from a high command, he found devices to prevent him from making any operative decisions; he bore with Secretary Stanton and Chief-of-Staff Halleck when they refused to make appointments that he, as general-in-chief, recommended and had a right to insist upon; and he recognized that the Army of the Potomac had to achieve victory in spite of defects in its organization, which were easy to diagnose but impossible to remedy.

Grant's Virginia campaigns thus present a remarkable contrast to his campaigns in the Mississippi Valley. The Vicksburg campaign was a matter of victory resulting from a series of brilliant and almost perfectly executed operations. The Virginia campaign was a matter of achieving victory despite repeated blunders, missed opportunities, failures of coordination, and acts of ineptitude by subordinate commanders. At Cold Harbor, at the first assault on Petersburg, at the time of the explosion of the mine at the Crater, the Army of the Potomac let victory slip through its fingers in a way that Grant had never experienced in the West. Yet, as Catton shows, Grant's greatness is in some ways more evident in the steadiness with which he bore and transcended these frustrations than in the brilliance with which he took Vicksburg. He gave the Army of the Potomac a purpose, and held it to that purpose despite punishment which would have thrown the army's previous commanders off balance completely. Working with a highly imperfect instrument, he was called upon to evince greater ability, patience, and resourcefulness than a perfect instrument would have required.

As a writer of historical narrative, Catton is, of course, one of the most skillful old pros that the craft has ever known. It is the sad fate of the old pros that the finer their effort, the more effortless it appears. Thus it is with Catton. He swings ahead with a story that carries the reader along by its momentum, letting his narrative make his points for him, almost as if he were only spinning a yarn, and had no particular points to make. Yet *Grant Takes Command* is at once a highly artistic and highly analytical examination of the qualities of a great man, achieved by perceptively watching him in action. This examination reveals Grant as a completely selfless man—one who neither over- nor underestimated himself: he simply did not think about himself. Although he rejoiced to give hundred-gun salutes for the victories of other armies, Grant was somehow not quite visible on the occasions of his own triumphs. Not one to overlook difficulties, he had a genius for seeing opportunities in difficult situations. When attacked, he reacted almost by reflex, not by thinking about his danger at the point of attack, but by wondering what part of the enemy's line had been weakened and rendered vulnerable in the process of concentrating the attacking force. The Catton book shows Grant as a supreme realist—a man who observed what he saw and not, like most men, what he feared or what he wished. This was, perhaps, his superlative quality and the foundation of his greatness. It manifested itself, incidentally, in the fact that although he had not been an antislavery man, Grant recognized perfectly clearly by 1864 that emancipation was an indispensable prerequisite to reunion. On this point his political insight was sounder than that of many veteran politicians.

Catton's present volume completes the military biography. He does not say whether he or anyone else will extend the biography into Grant's Presidential years, and he offers no direct comment on the problem of Grant's success as a general and his failure as a President. Nor does he express an opinion on whether he regards military action as so generically different from political action that a man may be a master in one and a simpleton in the other. General Fuller did express an opinion, namely that "in generalship, but a hair divides the great soldier from the great civilian."

Personally, I agree with Fuller, and it seems to me that Catton's narrative corroborates Fuller's axiom. For Catton's whole account demonstrates the sureness of the political sense with which Grant handled the organizational problems of the Army of the Potomac. Yet Grant did, apparently, fail as President after succeeding as a commander, and the anomaly remains.

Does the explanation of the anomaly perhaps lie in the fact that, as a commander, Grant had an overriding purpose, while as President he had no real objective? The goal of winning the war brought all his remarkable energies into functional alignment, and released his great potential drive. But after becoming President he had no organizing principle to direct him. His energies lay dormant; "his mind," as Henry Adams expressed it, "seemed torpid." The energy and the competence were there but the challenge that would activate them was lacking. In Washington, as President, Grant lost his purpose, as he had lost it as a lieutenant in the peacetime army in California in 1854. It was only the greatness of the demand that could evoke the greatness of the response which Catton has so impressively portrayed in *Grant Moves South* and *Grant Takes Command.*

"But first, a word about Genie Clean!"

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A Way of Looking Back

Historical Consciousness: or the Remembered Past, *by John Lukacs (Harper & Row. 373 pp. $7.95), is concerned with the growth of an elusive and difficult concept. Milton R. Konvitz, author of the recently published "Religious Liberty and Conscience," is professor of industrial and labor relations and of law at Cornell University.*

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

IN THIS AGE OF CRITICISM books about history have become almost as common as books of history. This was not always the case. Until recently historians generally practiced their art without much thought of the sticky epistemological, metaphysical, and methodological questions involved in what they were doing. They wrote history almost the way Molière's character spoke prose for more than forty years without knowing it. Until but a few years ago it was possible for the scholar to collect and read all the important writings about history—about the philosophy of history and historiography. Today this can hardly be achieved.

This phenomenon, however, did not happen overnight. Our historical consciousness—our awareness of our historical interest, our awareness of the historical dimension or character of our thinking and sensibility—had been building up for centuries. Now we see it everywhere about us and in us; and philosophers, theologians, and historians have made it the subject of intensive study. Thus it is that history has itself become a central subject for intellectual history.

Now this is what John Lukacs writes about in *Historical Consciousness*, a provocative and penetrating guide to the history and significance of an elusive and difficult concept. The author, a professor of history at the Catholic colleges Chestnut Hill and LaSalle in Philadelphia, maintains that our modern historical, no less than our modern scientific, outlook emerged in the seventeenth century in Europe. This awareness of the historical dimension, he holds, developed together with a sense of self-awareness. In the following century history was the narrated past and was treated as literature; in the nineteenth century history was the recorded past and was treated as a social science; in the twentieth century history is both a social science and a form of thought—the remembered past. It is the last—historical consciousness as the remembered past—that is central to Mr. Lukacs's interest. In the course of his study he helps to clarify many topics and questions that trouble anyone who is concerned with the nature of historical thinking.

For all his fine qualities, however, Mr. Lukacs tends often to move too fast. He would have done better to have covered less ground, to have dealt more delicately and carefully with some deeply important questions.

For example, he remarks that it would not be an exaggeration to say "not only that the Greeks perfected first the art of history but that the aspiration and the achievement of a Thucydides mark a decisive cultural jump from historical existence to historical thinking." Then Mr. Lukacs notes that the historical line of inquiry that the Greeks initiated proved abortive among them, although not completely abortive—"whence probably the more realistic historicity of the New Testament compared to the Old...." At a later point he notes that "Christianity, as indeed Judaism, is rooted in history...."

In view of the centrality of the remembered past in the author's thought, one would expect a more extensive and refined discussion of the great differences between the Greek and Hebraic sense of time and sense of history. Many scholars in recent years have argued that Greek thought is philosophical and static, while Hebrew thought is historical and dynamic; that the Greek notion of time, like that of non-Western peoples generally, is cyclical, while Hebrew thought is, almost uniquely among peoples, linear; that Greeks think of time spatially and as part of nature, while the Hebrew mind identifies time with its content and sees it in action, in movement. The Greek historical consciousness is, therefore, unhistorical, or, as Collingwood puts it, in even stronger terms, "anti-historical," while our sense of history has its roots in Hebraism. Our long memories and our future hopes and expectations are deeply rooted in biblical modes of thought and feeling.

Since historical consciousness is linked by the author with self-consciousness, it is odd, too, that he does not elaborate on the relationship between the historical outlook and the personal in-look, and explain (as Henri Peyre does in *Literature and Sincerity*) the lack of self-awareness among ancient writers; how it was that Montaigne was the first modern to stress his own uniqueness, and how the historical consciousness is connected with the age of the diary, the autobiography, and the journal.

But these reservations are not meant to stress the book's limitations. The emphasis is meant to fall on the judgment that Mr. Lukacs's book succeeds in illuminating an important and difficult concept and in explicating some essential aspects of our pervasive yet obscure historical consciousness.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

THE OBLONG BOX

Death, burial, and coffins are the cheery themes of these incidents from famous works of drama and fiction. Ruth B. Stebbins of Elizabeth, N.J., asks you to name the source of each. Hint: The incidents are arranged in the alphabetical order of their titles. Should all else fail, turn to page 33.

1. A woman's body is transported in a mule-drawn wagon for ten days, and then corpse and coffin are burned in a barn fire.
2. An artist attends what others believe to be his funeral, but it is actually that of his valet, buried under the artist's name.
3. The corpse of a young girl returns to her temporarily empty coffin; this time her head has been severed and a stake driven into her heart.
4. After several days in her coffin in the donjon of a mansion, a lady, prematurely entombed, manages to escape to her twin brother, and both fall dead.
5. Looking into her former servant's coffin, a woman finds a second body—that of the servant's child by the woman's faithless husband.
6. In her unclosed grave, a dead girl's brother and lover quarrel over the extent of their love for her.
7. A canoe-shaped coffin serves as life buoy for the survivor of a shipwreck.
8. A boy sleeps among coffins and serves as attendant at children's funerals.
9. In the graveyard a young woman who has just died in childbirth decides to go back to town to relive her twelfth birthday.
10. The funeral of a self-sacrificing father is attended by his daughters' empty carriages.

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The Deceptive Facade

The Collected Stories of Jean Stafford *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 463 pp. $10), grouped into four geographical areas, rely on sensibility rather than artifices of fiction to achieve their effect. Robert Maurer is chairman of the Literature Department at Antioch College.*

By ROBERT MAURER

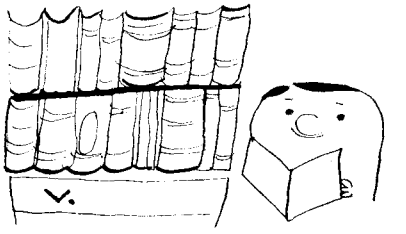
When Don Quixote interrupts Sancho Panza, complaining that a tale he is telling is too full of repetitions and diversions, the redoubtable Sancho defends his method simply. "The way I'm telling it," he says, "is the way all stories are told in my country. It isn't fair for your worship to ask me to get new habits." With as little fuss Jean Stafford has clung tenaciously for twenty-five years to her established short story strategies. It is as if, having long ago found her special country and habits, she too sees no use for newness. Her sense of tradition is as strong as her sense of place, and her most complete collection of stories to date, grouped into four geographical areas—abroad (Europe and the Caribbean), Boston, the West, and Manhattan—is as free of development or experiment as her earlier *Children Are Bored on Sunday* and *Bad Characters*. In view of all these performances, as solidly rock-ribbed as Sancho's, it would be as "unfair" to ask her to change as to ask him to tote his donkey.

What has made Miss Stafford one of our finest story-tellers is her singular victory of sensibility over technique. This may sound strange to those who, like myself, have always viewed her as a master of language and the subtlest points of writing. Write she can, no doubt. Nevertheless, reading through more than thirty stories from start to finish, one is struck by the relative blandness of her craft—but also by her exquisite awareness. Almost invariably when her stories succeed they do so because of the quality of her feelings, her mind, her powers of observation, her talent for remembering and evoking, her substitution of life, felt and considered, for the usual artifices of fiction. When her stories falter or fail, as they sometimes do, it is because her sensibility goes awry.

That she pulls off successes so frequently occasions surprise. Consider, for example, the sheer finicky precision of a typical first sentence: "Every morning and on alternate afternoons, Rose Fabrizio, a Mexican girl from the West, worked at a discreet girls' boarding school as secretary to the headmistress, a Miss Talmadge, who had a sweet voice." Any uninitiated reader may justifiably ask what good could come from such a start. To top it off, "The Bleeding Heart," the title that perches daintily above that sentence, smacks of a too finely honed gentility, of a delicate woman's world, if not of a woman's magazine slickness.

Yet, mustering more forbearance than the good Quixote could for Sancho's style, one ultimately sees all this quiet façade for what it is: deceptive. Each deliciously precious detail eventually does its job. Miss Talmadge's sweet voice, it turns out, can bruise this Rose. Discretion is a snare. The reputed good breeding and upright gentlefolk of the East provide no haven for Western innocence. Cumulative experience with this writer's work shows that her sensibility is tough; it passes often beyond irony into despairing illumination; it is sometimes unexpectedly cruel, and even in its moments of humor and joy, is always worldly-wise.

"The lunatic giant in the drawing room" is the metaphor one critic, James Hall, recently used to characterize the bulk of recent American-British fiction. Ensconced in a Hepplewhite chair of social restraints, he said, is an anarchic, irrepressible self. In one form or another, the giant's image pervades these stories. Though it may seem unlikely, the turmoil and terror of personality lie close beneath the flimsy veneer of, among other stories, "Maggie Meriwether's Rich Experience," "The Hope Chest," "Polite Conversation," "The Maiden," and "The Mountain Day." In the last, one of my favorites, two young lovers start the day of their engagement in an atmosphere as pristinely fresh as the air and lakes of Colorado, where the tale is set. Their unabashed, egoistic happiness stretches beyond supportable boundaries. When the catastrophe comes, as it must, in the accidental drowning of two young servant girls, the fabric of self is rent. Family support for the grief-stricken lovers is then social, ceremonious, coming as



much from outside them as the fate that spoiled their day. But neither social comfort nor circumstantial doom can obviate their need to encounter the lunatic giant within them, which demands more self-satisfaction than it can ever deserve, or receive. "Love," the heroine concludes, "real love, is just that: it is wanting the beloved to be happy. The simplicity of the equation surprised me . . ."

This *is* a simple equation, one totally in tune with the basic simplicity of the tale. Yet even with many such pure successes interspersed among her works, Miss Stafford's victory over technique is in some ways no more than Pyrrhic. Second thoughts about this or any of her stories lead almost inevitably to regrets about the limited range of her strategies, and hence about her inability to explore a larger gamut of experience with larger reverberations. However much a reader may be caught up in the author's self-sustaining imaginative world, second thoughts force him to distinguish between what is truly substantial and what is merely the attraction of a captivating sensibility.

Though these tales are selected, not complete, a number pretend to be no more than they are: sketches, character studies, vignettes, brief capturings of transient moments, situations, nuances. They are deft exercises in texture that can make a soul yearn for the long-gone days of trolleys, for Christmastimes when clerks at Woolworth's still rang bells for floorwalkers. They can cause a reader to remember things he seems always to have known, but hasn't: for example, how close in a fat girl, an antiquated spinster, or an over-zealous nature lover eccentricity borders on the pathological. Other stories intend much more, and realize intentions. But perhaps because Miss Stafford has never been touched by startling fame, public expectations of range and depth have never been great upon her. She seems to have relaxed, then, with her own expectations. It is a taut relaxation always. For our part, knowing her limits and accepting them, we should settle back with the delights and rewards she offers.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1334

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1334 will be found in the next issue.

LOA, MDQ LD, OMW ADB KFEE DBQHFJHEP QNP YNFEDLD-YNPJL.

—NPMJA WOXFW QNDJPOB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1333

The newspapers are full of what we would like to happen to us and what we hope will never happen to us.

—John Fowles.

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Two Wrongs for Right

La Rhubarbe, *by René-Victor Pilhes, translated from the French by Patsy Southgate and Lawrence M. Bensky (Doubleday, Paris Review Editions. 240 pp. $4.95), a Prix Médicis winner in 1965, describes a natural son's quest for the perfect vengeance against his unnatural sire. Thomas Bishop is currently teaching a course in contemporary French literature on CBS Television's "Sunrise Semester."*

By THOMAS BISHOP

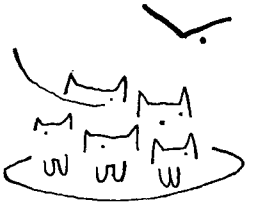
"OF COURSE, BASTARDS BETRAY," says a character in Sartre's *Lucifer and the Lord*, "what else do you expect them to do?" It was one of the rare times that the existentialist author dealt so lightly with a subject which for him has important philosophic connotations, and about which he has tended to write with great seriousness. For René-Victor Pilhes bastardy becomes the non-philosophic theme of a wildly hilarious first novel, which created a stir in France (and won the Prix Médicis) when it was published there in 1965. Now, in an excellent translation by Patsy Southgate and Lawrence M. Bensky, *La Rhubarbe* should do equally well in delighting American readers. (The title, which in hazy symbolism refers to the rhubarb plants growing in the protagonist's hometown, has for some odd reason been retained in French.)

Pilhes's hero, twenty-five-year-old Urbain Gorenfan, is no ordinary bastard, and he does nothing so ordinary as to betray. The illegitimate (and unrecognized) son of a wealthy father, Mr. C., Urbain is obsessed by his unfortunate state and goes to war against the family that has renounced him. Spurred on by secret written reports sent by a mysterious stranger and by a cryptic horoscope prepared by a sleazy astrologer, he sets out first to explore the C.s, then to infiltrate them, and lastly to destroy them when he realizes that the victory he seeks is not to be accepted by them but rather to right a wrong with another wrong.

The real and imaginary events of this farcical odyssey make of *La Rhubarbe* a mirthful, rapidly paced, picaresque novel. Urbain befriends his half-sister, Beatrix, who naturally doesn't suspect for one moment that this young man is the living testimony to their father's errant past, despite the uncanny resemblance (Bourbon nose, jet-black hair) that links generations of male C.s. Urbain is able to learn through her more about the rest of the family and, most important, to imagine what his boyhood would have been like had he been recognized. These latter possibilities are explored in riotous fantasy which reaches mock-heroic proportions in the bastard's unrelenting quest for legitimacy and vengeance.

When Beatrix invites Urbain for a weekend at the C.'s mansion in Normandy, his goal seems near: he will have penetrated the fortress and will be able to confront the enemy with his startling secret. But at this point several important changes take place. Beatrix, to whom Urbain has been strongly attracted, diminishes in importance as a character, and the atmosphere of potential incest accordingly recedes. At the same time Urbain realizes that it is too late to reveal himself dramatically, that he can never hope to partake of the magic childhood he never had. In short, it is no longer of any use to him to be legitimized; the bastard needs revenge—and he finds it in a preposterous climax that brings him sweet and merited retribution.

Pilhes, who finished this novel at the age of thirty, is so skilled in telling his complex tale and especially so deft in his mocking use of language that the French critics rhapsodized ("a beginner to be ranked with the masters"). While it is true that bastardy is not every man's problem and while it is doubtful that *La Rhubarbe* will go down as one of the



significant books of the age, it will require a particularly humorless reader not to let himself be swept away by this halucinatory and uproarious epic of one man's private dilemma. For Urbain, nothing matters other than bastardy; it is his entire frame of reference. "Was she pro-bastard?" he wonders about an aunt, and when he considers the thought that his boss, too, might be illegitimate, he muses: "Could it be that Monsieur Fruhster was an executive-level bastard?"

Like Urbain, René-Victor Pilhes has a Bourbon nose and jet-black hair; like Urbain, too, he is a bastard. But, he has been careful to point out that, save for the fact of his bastardy, the events of the novel are pure imagination. I, for one, believe him with no difficulty: life is never quite that funny—not even for a bastard.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. *As I Lay Dying.* 2. *Buried Alive.* 3. *Dracula.* 4. *Fall of House of Usher.* 5. *Far from the Madding Crowd.* 6. *Hamlet.* 7. *Moby Dick.* 8. *Oliver Twist.* 9. *Our Town.* 10. *Père Goriot.*

Sufferers and Seekers

A Stronger Climate: Nine Stories, *by R. Prawer Jhabvala (Norton. 214 pp. $4.95), depicts an India where nobody quite wins but foreigners always lose. Books by Margaret Parton include "The Leaf and the Flame."*

By MARGARET PARTON

INDIA EITHER DEVOURS OR REJECTS the foreigner, says R. Prawer Jhabvala in this new collection of nine short stories. What's more, she suggests, the rejected prolong the agony by their failure to realize their rejection; the devoured suffer because they have been consumed but never assimilated.

Mrs. Jhabvala knows what she's talking about. Born in Germany of Polish parents and educated in England, she was married in 1951 to an Indian architect, and since that time has produced three daughters, six novels, and another collection of short stories, *Like Birds, Like Fishes.* Most of her books are set in New Delhi, and most of them are like Indian saris—pure silk shot through with silver threads of wit, irony and indulgent laughter.

Not this one. The Delhi setting is there, and also the wit and irony. But

(*Continued on page* 50)

"The best thing on Robert Kennedy I have read, and I've read tons"
—RUSSELL BAKER
THE UNFINISHED ODYSSEY OF ROBERT KENNEDY
By DAVID HALBERSTAM
Illustrated. $4.95.
RANDOM HOUSE

Photo: Burton Berinsky

Just Published
How 88,648 Heavy Smokers Stopped Smoking

NEW YORK — The Anti-Tobacco Center of America has just published a booklet which explains how 88,648 heavy smokers (of whom many are physicians) have stopped smoking without straining their will power. This booklet is available free of charge to smokers. All you need to do, to obtain it, is to send your name and address to The Anti-Tobacco Center of America, Dept. A-55-G, 276 Park Avenue South, New York City, 10010. This offer is open while the supply of these booklets lasts.

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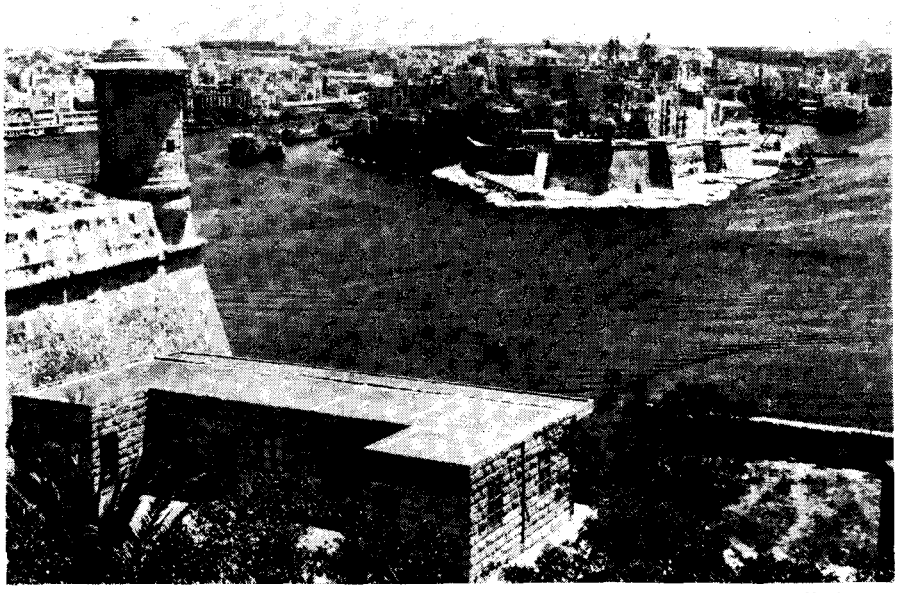
Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin



—Monkmeyer.

Valletta Harbour—"None of Malta's overlords has made a greater impact than the British."

Up from Antiquity

NEARLY TWO MILLENNIUMS ago a Roman vessel was forced aground by one of the most famous storms ever whipped up in the Mediterranean. Directed by a centurion to abandon ship, the 276 passengers made for the nearest piece of land, all hands arriving safely on an island known today as Malta. Among those who came ashore was St. Paul, who during his stay wrought several miraculous cures.

Today, scarcely a week passes between April and October when his statue is not carried shoulder-high through the streets, at *festa* after *festa*. A relic, said to be a splinter from his elbow, recently was flown to Australia and widely venerated there. The sexton of the Maltese church where it is housed told me of plans for it to be flown to England, America, and New Zealand. On February 10, when white narcissi cover the fields and the red clover is beginning to bloom, a public holiday is held to celebrate the apostle's rescue, and all the faithful are commanded to hear mass. In piously Catholic Malta, that means everybody—all 330,000 islanders.

Since criticism of papal authority is considered in the worst possible taste, it was characteristic last year that while the rest of Europe was hotly debating the encyclical on birth control, the Maltese were discussing more provincial matters of church and state. In the village of Bugibba on St. Paul's Bay, the people rose up against their archbishop because he had tried to impose on them a patron saint of his own choosing. In protest, the local priest conducted a straw poll on behalf of his parishioners and sent in the four names most favored. The priest was forced to resign. The faithful then threatened to boycott any selection of a saint not in accord with their poll.

Air passage for relics? Boycotting an archbishop? Suddenly Malta, the ancient shield of Christendom, has advanced bang into the twentieth century. More than 100,000 visitors are expected this year—a startling figure considering that before independence (September 21, 1964) nobody even bothered to count tourists. Since then, sixty-two hotels have shot up, including a Hilton, a Sheraton, and an Excelsior. The Dragonora Palace Casino on the headland beside St. George's Bay has proved an immediate success. In Marsamuscetto Harbour, a former anchorage for British warships has been turned into a spacious yacht marina, a haven so popular that Easter bookings for berths must be made at least six weeks in advance.

Flying over the five islands that make up the Maltese archipelago (only three are inhabited), one looks first to Malta's golden-colored sandstone buildings, which are honeycombed with secret passages. The island of Gozo, second in size to Malta, appears far greener, more hilly, much less populated. Calypso's cave, where Ulysses dwelled, lies on Gozo's northern shore. Between Gozo and Malta is Comino, a small outcropping of rock covered with thyme, secreting hidden bays and creeks—and one hotel.

There are no rivers on the islands—only wells—and nowhere is the soil more than a few feet deep. Yet the countryside is not nearly so barren as it looks at first sight. In the Boschetto groves, oranges are ready for picking by Christmas, and by January the barley is turning yellow everywhere. Frost is unknown in any month. The terraced vineyards which sweep down to the sea are protected by stone walls, and in a good year there may be as many as three harvests. At road's edge, pumpkins and prickly pears grow wild.

Malta's ancient tongue, a mixture of Arabic and Hebrew, is said to be the same language the Holy Family spoke. In the National Museum in Valletta, there is an impressive collection of vases, terra-cotta birds, and figurines dating back to the Bronze and Copper Ages. There are also stone altars, beautifully decorated with spirals carved in relief, from the Neolithic temple at Hagar Qim, and idols and cinerary urns from the Neolithic cremation cemetery at Tarxien. Archeology has been taken seriously in the islands only during the past century, and many of the finds have been brought to light by pure chance. At Paola in 1902, a workman was engaged in hewing out the basement water tank of a house when his axe slipped and he broke through to what he believed was an abandoned cellar. Later, excavations found the cellar to be an ancient ritual chamber, which opened into several others. In some, one still can see red pigment on wall decorations which were painted 4,000 years ago. In the Oracle Room, there are egg-shaped niches in which the priests sat and intoned. The Hal-Saflieni Hypogeum is probably the best surviving example of an underground temple in the Mediterranean.

Valletta, a walled city of high Renaissance splendor, is laid out on the grid pattern and now serves as capital to the islands. It takes its name from its founder, Jean Parisot de la Valette, the sixteenth-century Grand Master of the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. At its entrance, guarded by a deep moat and the massive bastions of St. James, stands the main bus terminal. The colors of the buses denote their different destinations, a reminder of the days when few Maltese were able to read: blue for Mdina, the silent city and capital until 1530; brown for Mosta, whose parish church has the third largest dome in the world; and orange for Luqa, the modern airport. Malta's cabbies pilot four-wheel *karozzins* drawn

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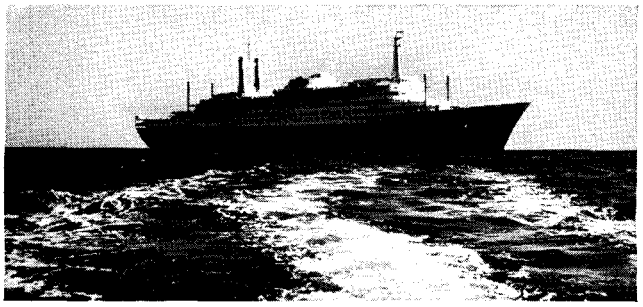

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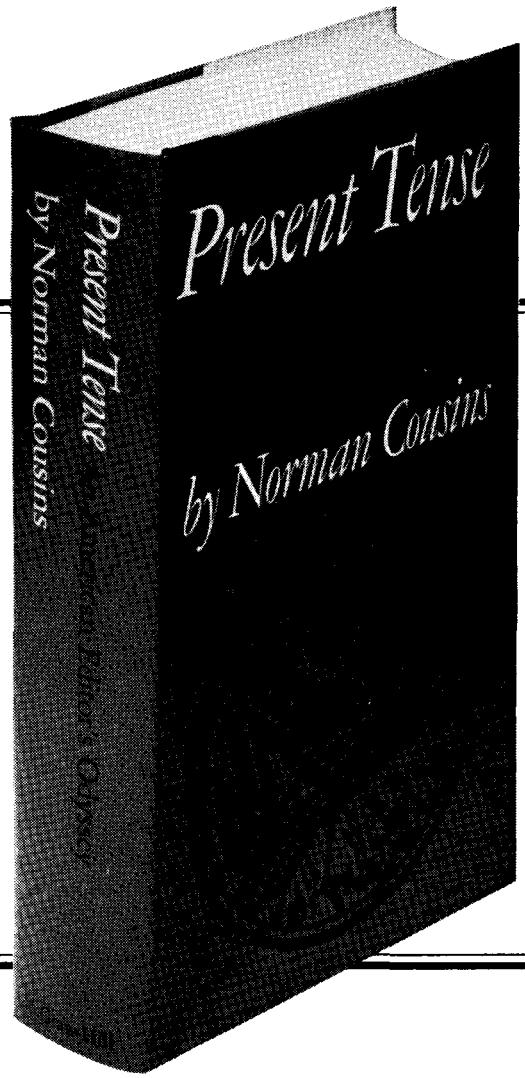

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by horses in feather headdress—a sight that reminded me of the plumes once worn by the Janissaries, crack troops of Soliman the Magnificent, who gave no quarter during the Great Siege of Malta.

Standing on the battlements of the star-shaped fortress of St. Elmo at the tip of Valletta, one gets a perfect view of the three cities on the other side of Grand Harbour—Vittoriosa, Senglea, and Cospicua. When I hired a *dhaisa* water taxi to ferry me across to Vittoriosa, only two large P&O liners lay at anchor. In the summer of 1565 the Turks had brought over by galley all their armament for a final onslaught on the three cities. They fired more than 70,000 cannonballs; the Knights did not surrender. In despair the enemy withdrew. Thus began the myth of Malta as the impregnable fortress, furthered in our time when the Luftwaffe dropped more than 7,000 tons of bombs on the islands in one month but failed to subdue the Maltese. Their valor was recognized by the King of England who honored Malta with the George Cross, and by General Eisenhower, who maintained that the resistance shortened the war by a year.

Since Independence Day in 1964, Malta has ceased to be a garrison fortress. The transition from British naval base to popular tourist destination is almost complete. In the past Malta catered to only two classes—officers and other ranks. The signs are still to be seen. At Tony's Bar in Sliema, a Jack Tar's drinking record is preserved in print: "On January 19th, 1947, J. Goldsmith of *H.M.S. Brissenden* drank forty-six bottles of Blue Label Beer between 1:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m." At the Phoenicia Hotel in Floriana, a Gentlemen's Laundry List hangs on the back of each bathroom door, including such items as jodhpurs and service caps. The Ladies' List includes silk stockings and camiknickers.

Yet none of Malta's overlords has made a greater impact than the British. They left an Anglican cathedral with a spire, and pillar boxes throughout the islands are painted royal red. The currency remains sterling. A statue of Queen Victoria dominates the principal square in Valletta, and in one village to the south there is a café called The Smiling Prince, named for one of their English heroes, Edward VIII, when he was Prince of Wales.

The truth is that the islanders are masters at adapting, a trait forced on them by history. Foreign domination has enriched both their culture and their religion, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, and Greeks all having left their trace. Wayside shrines to local saints compete with older ones to Roman regimental deities. Persian water wheels are used on most of the farms. Mattia Preti, their greatest painter, whose ceiling is the pride of St. John's Co-Cathedral, was born in 1613 and came from Calabria. Norman arches and Sicilian baroque recall past occupations. In the larger towns, the Moorish influence hangs heavily over certain districts; in others, there is the mark of Arab invasions. The auberges of Auvergne, Aragon, Castile, Bavaria, and Italy built by the Knights, reflect the cosmopolitan spirit which they introduced. In fact, everyone who arrives in the islands brings his own set of loyalties, and in no time they seem absorbed into the local life. To find a house outside the hilltop capital of Gozo called "God Bless America" comes as no surprise. On my first day in Malta, I noticed four in a row called "England," "Ireland," "Scotland," and "Lourdes."

It was the Punic traders who gave Malta the name of Maleth, later corrupted by the Greeks to Melita. The first means "a haven"; the second, "honey." At the moment, both names have a particular significance. The islands have no heavy industry, and their chief exports remain honey, wine, and lace. To balance the books, and to attract investment from abroad, the islands must develop as tax havens as well as tourist centers. Economists put the chances of success at 50-50. The Maltese are born gamblers.

On my last evening in the islands, I went to a *festa* at St. George's Bay. Outside, the local church was garlanded with colored lights, while inside, rich velvet panels draped the black marble columns. The clergy, as they formed a procession in the sanctuary, seemed weighed down with their chains of office. Yet there was an easy informality about everything. In the square, sweet-vendors stood behind their stalls selling special *festa* cakes made of dates and spiced with aniseed and cloves. I thought of Tunisia's markets, less than half an hour's flight away. Some of the altar boys stopped to talk with the crowd, even to indulge in friendly cuffing with their school companions. There was no sense of regimentation. The life-size statues needed eight men to carry them, a task that caused them to pause often and swig from a wine bottle passing from hand to hand. Last came the figure of St. Paul, his arms outstretched in welcome. As the procession moved along the narrow street by the sea's edge, Chinese crackers and fireworks were set off, and from the balconies and upper windows, rose petals floated gently down. I stooped to pick one up. Perhaps better than anything it crystallized the present mood of the Maltese. It was a numbered lottery ticket, bearing the date of the month past. —NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE.

Neville Braybrooke, a free-lance writer living in London, frequently contributes to *SR*.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

"G" as in Good Entertainment

WHILE HOLLYWOOD continues to play the rating game in lieu of outright censorship, it becomes increasingly apparent that the studios are falling into a trap of their own devising. Since a film is rated "X" specifically "because of the treatment of sex, violence, crime or profanity," an "X" rating would seem to be the surest way to attract to the movie houses those audiences whose primary interest is titillation and shock—and yet the recently "X"-rated *If . . .* [see SR GOES TO THE MOVIES, Feb. 15], irrespective of a few nude shots and discussions of homosexuality, is as mature, sensitive, and imaginative a study of youth in revolt as we are liable to see.

On the other hand, *mirabile dictu*, an English-made adaptation of Sophocles' *Oedipus the King*, starring Christopher Plummer and Lilli Palmer, arrives with a "G"! Incest, regicide, and self-mutilation are apparently "acceptable for all audiences, without consideration of age"—so long as they take place off screen and there are no nude scenes.

Although the aims of the Motion Picture Association's new, self-regulatory code are unquestionably worthy and well intended, some basic fallacies are already emerging. If the "X" is given automatically to any picture that contains nudity, profanity, or violence, regardless of treatment or context, it can hardly "encourage artistic expression by expanding creative freedom"—a stated objective of the code. And if a film is automatically awarded a "G" simply for avoiding sex, violence, and profanity, the category must inevitably be looked upon as a refuge for the bland and the beautiful, the safe and the sanitary. Consistency is not necessarily a virtue, but the inconsistency of lumping together *Oedipus the King* and, say, Robert B. Radnitz's production of *My Side of the Mountain* is sheer insanity.

Mr. Radnitz, whose previous films include *A Dog of Flanders, Island of the Blue Dolphins,* and *Misty,* might be called the "the mature Disney." Like Disney, he aims for the family audience—or what he likes to call "the total audience." Unlike Disney, however, there is never any scaling down to what is presumed to be the child's mentality. Quite the contrary, although Radnitz likes to work from children's classics, or from books that have earned prestigious awards in the juvenile field, he feels it imperative never to talk down or oversimplify. And because his pictures are not sweetened, or cutened, adults can enjoy them without feeling self-conscious about it.

My Side of the Mountain, based on a short novel by Jean George that had won a Hans Christian Andersen Award, is definitely such a picture. Translated from the Catskills to the wildly beautiful mountains and forests of eastern Canada, captured in all four seasons, it is always marvelous to look at. But its story is fresh and stimulating as well. Its hero is a boy about twelve, Sam Gribley, who, imbued by the spirit of Thoreau, determines to live off the land completely on his own for an entire year. Alone except for occasional visits from an itinerant folksinger named Bando and a pet raccoon, he makes a home for himself in the hollow trunk of a dead tree, attempts to grow algae for food, and raises a falcon which he trains to hunt for him. It is an almost idyllic existence, although tragedy strikes when hunters accidentally bring down his bird, and near-tragedy when winter snows seal him into his tree home and almost suffocate him. Not precisely Sophoclean tragedy, of course, but enough to earn Radnitz his "G".

Ted Eccles is fine as young Sam, and Theodore Bikel properly sympathetic as the wandering minstrel; but the real star of *My Side of the Mountain* is cameraman Denys Coop, who not only captures the changing foliage in exquisite color, but seems able to anticipate the flight of a bird or the sudden darting of a wild creature from the heart of the forest. At times, especially when explaining Thoreau's philosophy, the script seems a bit too on the nose; and it could certainly use more humor. I would, nevertheless, like to nominate it for a new "G" category—good entertainment. It is Radnitz's best picture to date.

While on the subject of ratings, also misleading is the "M" category—"suggested for mature audiences." Especially when a recent "M" went to *Riot*—a particularly bloodthirsty prison picture starring Jim Brown and Gene Hackman. Dealing with a "bust out" from Arizona State Prison, the film offers for our delectation mindless violence on both sides of the law—plus a tasteless bit of homosexuality. Perhaps there should also be an "I" category—"suggested for immature audiences."

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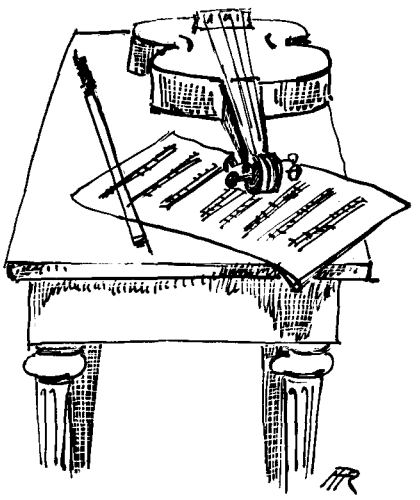
Irving Kolodin



Ozawa on Berlioz; Domingo in "Tosca"

AMONG THOSE WORKS of high repute that are more talked about than performed, there are few that can contest with Hector Berlioz's Requiem for the dubious honor of pre-eminence. One could pass a lifetime of concertgoing and not hear it in most American cities. As evidence, Seiji Ozawa's recent venture with the New York Philharmonic was the first ever under its auspices, though it has the longest history of consecutive concert-giving of any orchestra in this country.

Is it all that difficult to give, and are there valid reasons for its non-availability? The recent "premiere" would suggest not. The notes of the score were performed by the Philharmonic and sung by the Collegiate Chorale within the time span of an ordinary concert (slightly more than an hour and a half); Leopold Simoneau delivered the exalted tenor solo in the "Sanctus" with a perfection of sound and a command of detail that might have aroused the admiration of the late John McCormack; and there were, at the final chords, cheers and congratulatory bravos.

So, on behalf of the 100th anniversary of the composer's death (March 8, 1869) and in tribute to the memory of the late Charles Munch, one of its pre-eminent interpreters, the records will read that, as of 1968-69, the Berlioz *Grande Messe des Morts* (as he called it) has been heard in Philharmonic Hall. But one who was present and in an attitude of attention may politely raise the question: "Has it really?"

The reference is not merely to the filing down of the work's historically famous magnitude to the conventional orchestra's numbers. Despite his demand for sixteen trombones, twelve horns, eight bassoons, and eight pairs of timpani in the "Agnus Dei," Berlioz himself settled for less when necessary, as do most conductors who manage to perform his *Symphonie fantastique* with two harps rather than the four he specified, and the minimum of other instruments rather than the maximum of which he dreamed.

The difference is, however, that many conductors—including Ozawa himself—make the *Fantastique* an absorbing experience, whereas this version of the Requiem fluctuated between the flamboyant and the frustrating. The greatly gifted young Japanese (not yet thirty-five and already with a mane down to the collar of his tail coat) was not at a loss for the greatest volume of sound Berlioz demanded, whether from the orchestra and chorus before him or the brass positioned at the four points of the universe (in the balconies). Such sizable problems do not confound him and the absence of the printed score did not in the least inhibit his freewheeling procedures.

Though it would have been better for the work to have been given straight through (at its approximately eighty-minute length), there was an intermission between "Quaerans me" and the "Lacrymosa." Here one could meditate on the effects of the sections that had preceded ("Requiem et Kyrie," "Dies irae," "Quid sum miser," and "Rex tremendae"). One might, at this point, have concluded that Berlioz's Requiem is a work more remarkable for originality than for beauty, and more compelling in its fervor than in its expressivity. Which is to say that the grandeur of the conception was more memorable than its realization.

When the work resumed, with the "Lacrymosa," "Offertorium," "Hostias," etc., other impressions began to sort themselves out. The "Lacrymosa" was, for all the emotion it embodies, more than a little pallid and unconvincing. As Ozawa phrased them, its metrical values were not at all secure, the interaction of pulsating accompaniment and expressive vocal overlay not clearly established. The "Offertorium" had more of the desired mood, but here, again, the eighths in one choir and the sixteenths in another rubbed slightly rather than

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meshing evenly. By any standard, the performance reached its zenith in the "Sanctus," which was not merely beautified, but beatified, by Simoneau's artistry. The concluding "Agnus Dei" did not balance, with gravity and weight, what had preceded it in exaltation.

As a work—much talked about, however little played—the Berlioz Requiem is, without doubt, one of those towering upward thrusts from the common level which remain forever as landmarks in music's evolution. Undertaken only a few years after Beethoven's death, it demonstrates the extent to which Berlioz had not merely swallowed but digested the implications of his idol's Ninth Symphony and *Missa Solemnis*. And the pathbreaking proportions of his response, the way it pointed for Verdi to reach his own high ground in the Manzoni Requiem (several decades later) are affirmed again and again.

Ozawa is entitled to the credit that goes with the impulse, nerve, and daring in this undertaking. But it is well to remember, in commending the mental capacity thus demonstrated, that the composer was, himself, exactly Ozawa's age (thirty-four) when, in December 1837, all of Paris crowded Les Invalides to hear sounds unprecedented then and, in some respects, unsurpassed since. Let us look ahead a decade and hope that Ozawa will come back with the Requiem under his belt as well as in his head, and produce the great result of which he is inherently capable.

A nationwide radio audience recently had access to a Metropolitan Opera happening of more than passing interest. This was the first Cavaradossi in *Tosca* of the rising Mexican-Spanish tenor Placido Domingo, in place of the indisposed Sándor Kónya (himself a replacement for Franco Corelli, absent in Italy because of serious illness in his family). Nerves do not seem to be any part of Domingo's problem, and he sang as steadily, beautifully, and tastefully at his entrance as he did in his third act "farewell." This is a ringing, pure sound which, as familiarity with it broadens, gives increasing likeness—especially in this role—to the late Jussi Bjoerling's (though not as bright, it is bigger). An uncommonly boyish painter in Act I, he tended to overstress the dramatics in "Recondita armonia," and could well—before success overtakes ambition—look to improving his stage deportment, both at rest and in action. Birgit Nilsson was the loud (sometimes unnecessarily so) Tosca, with William Dooley as Scarpia and Paul Plishka making an uncommonly resonant Sacristan. George Schick conducted, indulgently. A special word of thanks should go to the clarinetist who played his third, act solo with outstanding artistry.

World of Dance

Walter Terry

Dancing on TV

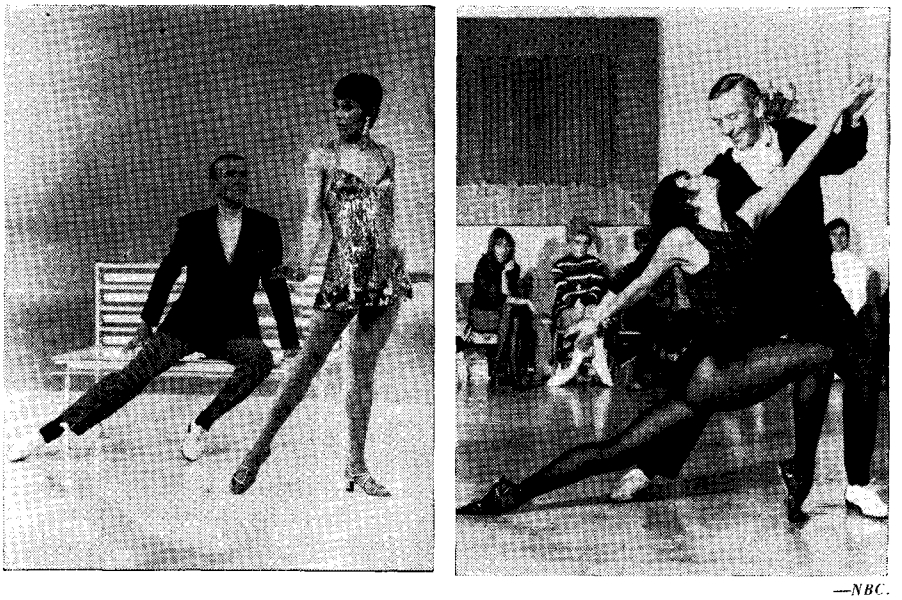
HE SHOULD probably be called "the grand old man of hoofing," since he celebrates his seventieth birthday this year. But you can't call him that because he's really younger than springtime.

I'm talking, of course, about Fred Astaire, whose special, *The Fred Astaire Show*, was given a repeat showing on NBC-TV a few Sundays ago. I had seen it before, but it was a joy to watch again the wittiest, most nimble, most winning dancer in the business. It made me realize how much we dance followers owe to television. Not that there isn't lots to carp about, but TV's dance record isn't all bad.

The Astaire show not only was slick and brilliantly produced but also, to my mind, contained in capsule form the marvelous range of Astaire's art. The charm, of course, was present in abundance; nostalgia was beautifully balanced with participation in the grooviest rhythms of today; the old songs, sung in that intimate, talking style, were there; and then there was the dancer. Since it was not a new show, I don't want to go into detail about it; but again the capsuling of a dance way struck me as Astaire danced over and under and around furniture, as he swept across the floor with a partner (the lovely Barrie Chase with the gorgeous figure) in his arms, and as he did an acting-dancing sequence in Herbert Ross's brilliant dance treatment of "Limehouse Blues."

This blues ballet is, I think, even better than a more famous one of the same genre, Balanchine's *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*, now in the repertory of the New York City Ballet. Astaire's performance in the Ross ballet and the mellowness of his art combined with his continuing agility and dexterity made me hope that a copy of the full show could be acquired by the Dance Collection of the New York City Library and Museum of the Performing Arts. Old Astaire movies and later TV shows have been accorded safe repositories (along with occasional showings of the movies) in other museums, libraries, and universities; but this particular Astaire show is so close to dance-perfect that I think it should find a permanent home in a house of dance, the Dance Collection.

By some odd quirk an excerpt from *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue* was given on *The Tonight Show* just two days later. It was rushed on just before the closing; Ed McMahon, filling in for Johnny Carson, failed to say that this was a fragment from a ballet and left the audience wondering what in heaven's name a blues duet had to do with a slaughter; the camera work was bad, and the whole affair did a disservice to the public as well as to



—NBC

Fred Astaire and Barrie Chase in *The Fred Astaire Show*—"the wittiest, most nimble, most winning dancer in the business."

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—CBS.

Peter Gennaro—"a first-rate show biz choreographer."

dance itself. Suzanne Farrell and Arthur Mitchell, the principals in the New York City Ballet's production, were expert and highly professional, but the show, as it was done, gave them no showcase at all.

The Ed Sullivan Show is not basically a dance show, that is, one with a regular and major dance spot each week. Sullivan, of course, does present great dancers and great dance troupes from time to time, but his variety format does not allow for steady dance fare as did the old *Your Hit Parade* or *The Dinah Shore Show* and others. On the same night that saw the rerun of the Astaire hour—I was cuddled up with H.K.F. (Hong Kong flu) and got caught up on my TV—Sullivan featured one of America's most engaging jazz dancers, Peter Gennaro, also a first-rate show biz choreographer. The number he did was a wow!

I had never before realized that Gennaro—whose sinuous hips, subtle steppings, and shoulder shakes (remember him in "Steam Heat" in *Pajama Game*, with Carol Haney and Buzz Miller?) made him a knockout jazz improviser—was also a highly accomplished tap dancer. For Sullivan's show he did a real show-stopper with George M. Cohan's "Yankee Doodle Dandy," in a number supported by a good-sized ensemble. Wisely, he gave only a hint of Cohan characteristics in a dance which focused upon his own skills and his own ingratiating personality.

As a choreographer he was also astute, for his group figurations were conceived in terms of depth rather than width, a TV method which Tony Charmoli (if he did not invent) exploited to perfection in those hundreds of television shows he has done. (With the comparatively small TV screen, horizontal patterns reduce mass figures to infinitesimal dots, whereas depth can combine proximity with infinity.) This Gennaro number—involving the dancer and the choreographer in one person—was another example of what TV can do in terms of dance on a very modest level. For there are the big dance specials in which the Royal Ballet, Carol Lawrence, Moiseyev, Edward Villella, or the New York City Ballet, and others take over an entire show. But contributory dancing is important too, and Gennaro turned up with first-class dance material for Sullivan.

For many, many years, CBS's *Camera Three* has been constant in its dance interests. A recent presentation—involving dance, drama, and music—was a TV re-creation of Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat* as conceived and staged, about a year ago, by James Clouser. Merrill Brockway, the show's producer, did a superb job of translating this stage piece into cinematic terms, and the performance of Norman Walker – acting and dancing as the Devil—was memorable. Fine, too, were Sally Brayley and the choreographer as dancers, and Christopher Walken as narrator. Other Sunday morning TV shows which have done distinguished dance productions are *Lamp Unto My Feet* and *Look Up and Live* (both CBS).

So even if you have to sit through a good many television shows devoid of dancing, or in which dance is not much more than a setting for a star singer's tonsils, there are some great moments to be found on television. And when you have an Astaire, a genuflection of gratitude in the direction of TV is very much in order.

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As Others See Us

LONDON:

American-European Relationship

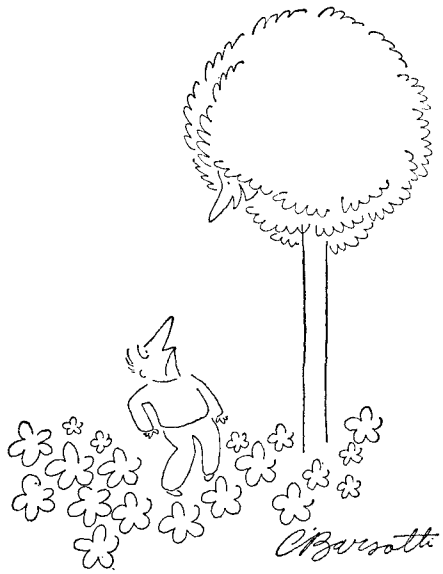
NEITHER Mr. Nixon nor his hosts should let themselves be misled into thinking that the visit is likely to overcome the problem that gave John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson so much trouble in their dealings with Europe. The problem lies in the fact that Western Europe has become too strong to put up uncomplainingly with the American-European relationship of the 1950s, which was essentially a relationship of leader and led, but is still too weak in will, if not in material resources, to sustain any coherent alternative to that relationship. So long as the Europeans remain in this curious limbo they will provide neither a quiescent following nor a workable partnership for the United States. The only possible relationship will continue to be one of friction and occasional conflict. . . .

—The Economist.

America and China

AFTER A LONG GAP, American and Chinese officials will soon be meeting in Warsaw. Each side has indicated how willing it is to listen to what the other has to say. This will be another opportunity for patient probing rather than for each side holding their cards waiting for the other to lead. If present expectations are fulfilled, the recognition of Peking by other countries will certainly overturn United Nations voting in 1970, even if Mr. Nixon's stone-walling is needed to stay it in 1969. He may rightly conclude, as he considers his relations both with Russia and China, that the tension between those two great powers is such that too great progress in a détente with one to the exclusion of the other would be an error for American policy.

—The Times.



"Wanna hear a poem?"

Switching Priorities

IT IS NO SECRET that President Nixon intends to re-adjust America's priorities as between the two halves of the world, switching the main emphasis to his allies and to Europe and away from the neutral and Asia, where the accent lay tragically throughout the Johnson era. What all European leaders will thus get in the next few weeks is the unique chance to justify and strengthen this basic switch in American policy and even to help President Nixon formulate that policy before he presents it to Moscow.

—The Sunday Telegraph.

The Middle East and Power Politics

THE PRESIDENT has made an exceedingly guarded response to the French proposal for a four-power meeting on the Middle East. The response is, in fact, so circumscribed that it comes very close to rejecting it, while at the same time clearly striving to give the impression that Washington is making a positive move. There are good reasons for Mr. Nixon's caution. The proposal that the four powers should take up the Middle East situation came originally from Russia. President de Gaulle put it forward for reasons of his own—partly as a chance for an international platform on which France could appear to shine, partly because it fitted his policy of siding with Moscow and backing the Arabs. . . .

—The Daily Telegraph.

MANCHESTER:

No Return to Isolationism

. . . IN ALL the capitals Mr. Nixon will probably try to get NATO members to make a bigger joint commitment of conventional weapons to the alliance. In this he ought to learn from his two predecessors' mistakes. President Kennedy tried to foist common policies on Europe without fully preparing the ground. The Multilateral Force was one such scheme; his attempt to canvass Britain's entry to the Common Market was another. Partly because of those failures and partly because of Vietnam, President Johnson went the other way and almost ignored Europe. President Nixon may want to strike a middle course. He will encourage greater intra-European cooperation, so as to take some of the defense burden off the United States, but he will not want to do it too abruptly. At all events there is no sign of the return to isolationism which some observers had predicted would accompany disengagement from Vietnam.

Mr. Nixon's visit, so early in his Presidency, should prove those prophets wrong. *—Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

MUNICH:

Moscow or Peking?

. . . WERE WASHINGTON to go a long way towards coming to terms with Peking, Moscow could hardly fail to grow suspicious. The Kremlin prefers to make minor concessions to its Communist competitor itself—and recently did so in respect of nuclear know-how. It would be useful for President Nixon to have two irons in the Communist fire but he cannot juggle with both at the same time.

Preparing a more flexible policy towards China is easier for other Western governments, and not only for Canada, Italy, and Belgium. It could also prove practicable for Bonn. Washington is hardly likely to begrudge this country what it has accepted in the case of others.

An exchange of ambassadors between Bonn and Peking is not on the cards at the moment, since this country is not a member of the UN and can hardly develop a role of its own in world affairs. But the large increase in trade with mainland China might well justify an exchange of permanent trade missions.

—Immanuel Birnbaum, Süddeutsche Zeitung.

MOSCOW:

Scientific Gap

THE MONOPOLY capital of the United States is brazenly stealing the scientific and technical cadres both from its junior partners and allies and from developing countries. In the period from 1962 to 1966 the United States lured from other countries up to 33,000 engineers and scientists. Using various means to lure specialists to their country, the United States monopolies want to kill two birds with one stone. They save money on the training of their own specialists and scientists and, what is more important, doom countries from which the "brains" are "drained" to a permanent scientific and technical [dependency] on the United States, increasing further the gap

(*Continued on page* 62)

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Present Mirth

THERE IS NO REASON why a comedian who can write effective and telling comic lines to perform in front of delighted audiences cannot also write a superior full-length stage comedy. Yet so far none of our fabulous TV and nightclub comics has done so. Although a commercial success was achieved by Woody Allen's *Don't Drink the Water,* which ran for 598 performances on Broadway, no discerning critic rated it much of a play, despite its ample assortment of funny lines. It also seemed to suffer from the absence of Mr. Allen in a role that called for his special shnookish personality.

Allen now has written a second play, that is more honestly an extension of a comic monologue, and this time he is portraying the protagonist. In *Play It Again, Sam,* Allen appears as a desperately insecure young man named Allan Felix, who has just been divorced by his first wife, mainly because she didn't "dig him physically." Compulsively, he seeks to bolster his limp ego by seeking a new girl. But his natural awkwardness and inferiority complex turn each foray into a fiasco. His best friend and his best friend's wife, who doggedly keep trying to help him in his quest, are the play's only other real characters. However, we do glimpse a number of mini-skirted girls in flashbacks and in the imaginary fantasies Felix weaves for himself throughout the play. We also meet the ghost of Humphrey Bogart giving Felix advice on how to handle women, which when followed only results in Felix's getting his face slapped. When Bogart attempts to comfort him by saying that he has had his face slapped many times, Felix answers, "Yes, but your glasses don't go flying across the room."

This remark gives us the essence of a personality that is both Allen's and the character's. Most comedians make a joke and then top it. Allen thinks of the funniest self-deprecation possible, and then "bottoms" it. He is so nervous he puts mouthwash under his arms before a date. His cowardice is monumental as he tells a man pointing a gun at him, "Don't pull the trigger, I'm a bleeder!" But his need for pride is so pathetic that although he is frightened to death that his friend will discover that his wife spent the night with him, he suddenly shifts into a megalomaniacal smile at the charge that "she's probably involved with some stud." Even when he has his unexpected success, he regards it as unreal because he associates it with his fantasy world. He says to his conquest, "You felt like a woman, I felt like a man, and that's what those kind of people do."

Allen is onstage for the whole show, which is divided into three short acts and presumably could have continued for a couple more. For while the play does allow him a moment of triumph at the end—when, looking a little like Snoopy, he exorcises his emasculating ex-wife out of his fantasy and begins a more realistic venture with a new girl who has read his essay in the *Film Quarterly* on Anna May Wong—one suspects that his essential comic insecurity cannot remain subdued for long.

Of the other performers, Anthony Roberts is most amusing as a self-important lawyer whose every entrance is immediately followed by a compulsive rush to the telephone to give his secretary the number at which he can be reached for the next fifteen minutes. Diane Keaton is warm and pretty as the lawyer's good-hearted wife. And Jerry Lacy creates an amazing replica of Bogart.

Joseph Hardy has directed the play smoothly, seeing to it that the action never pretends to be more dramatically complex than it is. Thus the evening emerges as continuously funny, entertaining, and all of a piece, which is the next best thing to being a genuinely good comedy.

A comic performer who may have an even greater potential as a playwright than Mr. Allen is Elaine May, and she, too, appears to be making progress with her latest short play, *Adaptation,* being offered as part of a double bill at the Greenwich Mews Theatre.

Adaptation presents us with a game in which a contestant seeks to advance to a hidden "Security Square." What the contestant doesn't know is that he may make any space on the board the Security Square and declare himself the winner. So we watch Phil Benson as he moves, in unnecessary but hilarious desperation, from the cradle to the grave, first through our educational system and then through a life-long career in hotel management.

Miss May has written some penetratingly apt satire on fashionable contemporary attitudes. A school principal tells the children, "You are only second-graders, but any bad mark you receive on your school record now may keep you from getting into the college of your choice. You are now dismissed for free play." Or a liberal parent explains racial differences to her son by saying, "When we say the word 'Negro,' we must think of it as something very, very beautiful that God gave to white people to enjoy."

The play works theatrically, too. It is a tough task to keep an endless repetition of moves amusing, but Miss May has directed her versatile cast so beautifully that each response seems fresh and urgent. As Phil, Gabriel Dell zestfully outfoxes himself into steps forward that are really steps backward. And Carol Morley, Graham Jarvis, and Paul Dooley are precisely effective in a variety of roles.

Miss May has also directed the second play on the bill, Terrence McNally's *Next.* Here, the playwright invents an implausible comic situation by confronting a forty-eight-year-old man with a physical examination for the draft conducted by a WAC sergeant. He is overweight, balding, and slightly effeminate. She wears glasses and conducts her examination with relentlessly sadistic efficiency. It is exaggerated, of course, but it reflects the horrible invasion of privacy that attends such examinations.

The humor of the sketch is the man's repeated surprise that he, who shouldn't have been called in the first place, must face a new indignity that he is powerless to stop. The comic sequence is, "It couldn't happen. It's going to happen. Migod, it's happened!" He strips (behind the cover of an American flag), is punctured for blood, and is even examined for hernia.

All of this is made funny by James Coco's skillful portrayal of futile embarrassment. And Elaine Shore is impeccable as the hard-hearted impersonal sergeant. Although Mr. Coco's transition from comedy to pathos at the end of the play seems a gratuitous violation of form, the evening is admirably resourceful and abundant in mirth.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Caring Enough for a Cause

THE RECENT "Hallmark Hall of Fame" (NBC-TV) special, *Teacher, Teacher*, a story about a constructive change in the life-style of a thirteen-year-old, mentally retarded boy, raised interesting, difficult esthetic and ethical questions. They can be answered satisfactorily, perhaps, by regarding the ninety-minute film production not as a drama but as a promotion piece for the education, and normal incorporation into our national life, of 6,000,000 retarded children—a muted, ubiquitous minority.

This minority's cause—and that of their families—needs promotion. We have begun, in recent years, to modify the image of the retarded child in the public consciousness; but far too many individuals still shrink back in ignorance and feel pity for children who may be limited in capacity, but who are as human as the rest of us, capable of loving and being loved and of relating usefully and with dignity to the social community. Misconceptions persist that mental retardation is contagious and that brain-damaged youngsters are vegetables. Too few understand the spiritual agony of parents who either refuse to face the problem or are ashamed and hide or reject their children because they reject themselves for having produced them. Too few appreciate the courage and tenderness of those parents who summon all their family resources to train their children and who might wait years for them to take a first step; nor do many realize the great need for specialists, teachers, and public funds to supply the necessary vocational programs and job-placement agencies.

A prominent psychologist in the movement asserted that the National Association for Retarded Children gained two years worth of public impact with this single Hallmark promotion. Originally, *Teacher, Teacher* was a drama conceived and written by Allan E. Sloane and accepted by Hallmark for sponsorship. Original TV plays rarely reach audiences as written by their authors, and *Teacher, Teacher* was no exception. Inevitable compromises were reached as agency, sponsor, producer, director, and stars (David McCallum and Ossie Davis) entered the production phases; but Mr. Sloane still felt that the essential corpus of his work remained intact—it was still a drama.

It was agreed to cast a real-life retarded youngster, Billy Schulman, in the key role. George Lefferts, the producer, maintains that the child actors who were auditioned could not have played the part because "mental retardation was not in their frame of reference." Also, the sponsor might have considered the public relations factor. The fact that a retarded boy would play a retarded boy was publicized in advance, and this probably added to the size of the audience—a fact that did no disservice to Hallmark or the mental retardation cause. The casting decision, nevertheless, did notable damage to the drama. For those who knew that the key role was being played by a retarded boy, there was a distorted concentration on how he was doing rather than on the delicate tensions of the story itself.

Those who didn't know were robbed of clarities of emotional expression that a child actor could have conveyed without ambiguity, thus deepening the impact of the drama. Although Billy Schulman personally attained new levels of potential under the challenge, there can be no doubt that the entire production was scaled down to accommodate him. His attention span is short; he cannot read cue cards; lines had to be cut, shortened, and often improvised on the set; and sequences were contrived in the editing to cover weaknesses. With $350,000 (estimated production cost) at stake and track records on the line for the producer, director Fielder Cook, and Mr. McCallum, tensions developed, and one consequence was the alienation of the author. After seeing the final print, Sloane withdrew his name from the film (substituting a pseudonym, Ellison Carroll), claiming that no more than 5 per cent of the dialogue represented his original lines. He was right, of course. But he was wrong, along with the others, in his original acquiescence to the casting of Billy Schulman—but this was what turned the drama into a promotion piece for the retarded, and as such it succeeded.

Teachers, psychologists, and related professionals were generally very critical of the production's technical weaknesses and of the dramatic licenses taken. Many were particularly affronted by an endpiece in which Billy Schulman, speaking as himself, thanked cast and crew for their help in the filming. McCallum, obviously touched, turned away with a catch in his throat. Some thought that this one scene exhibiting pity turned the entire show on its head. But for the lay audience, including parents of retarded children, the impact was mostly favorable. People felt that valuable lessons had been learned. Protective parents should not lock their children away from the real world. Teachers should be human and loving as well as cognitive and demanding. A retarded boy had been seen making it in the real world, and the aura was transferable to all retarded children. Next time one saw a retarded child in the subway or the park, there would be less fear of the unknown and more recognition of common humanity. More important, the public would be more receptive to the investment of government resources in the training and placing of children who need special attention.

A rejected title for *Teacher, Teacher* had been *I Am the Sun*—derived from a scene in which the father of the boy (George Grizzard) is described as the sun, and the boy as the world, revolving around him, drawing light and strength. The truth is that our total community is the sun, and the minority of the mentally retarded depend on us for sustenance, so that they can give back reflected light and support in accordance with their individual capacities and love. Nerves may have jangled, and personalities collided in the production of *Teacher, Teacher*; but there was often commitment and effort beyond the call of duty. An entire production crew volunteered to work overtime without charge in the making of the dubious final scene—"just to get it right." In terms of the Hallmark slogan, everybody had cared enough to give their very best. Now it is up to the public to care enough to give its very best.

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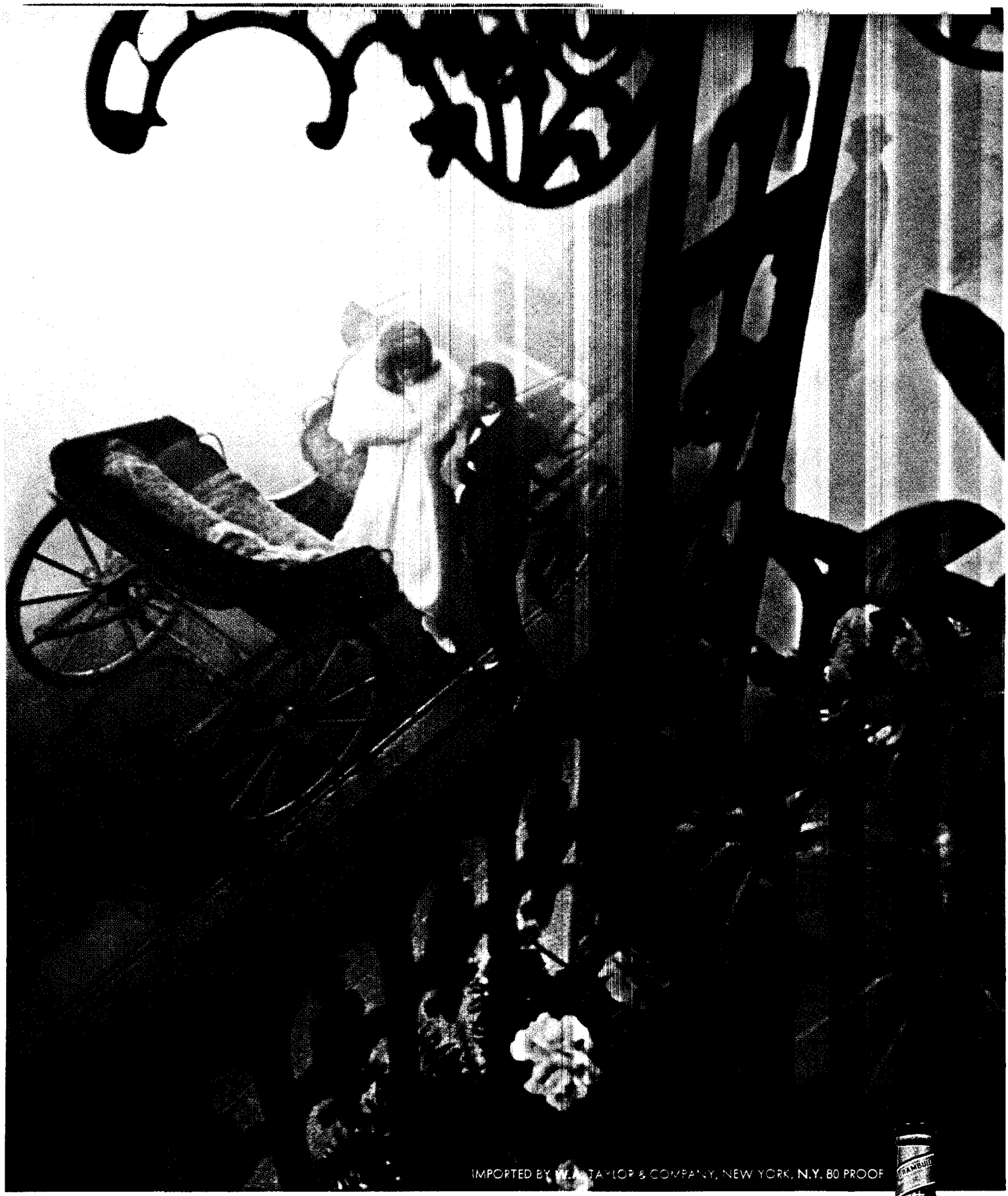

Evenings that memories are made of so often include Drambuie.

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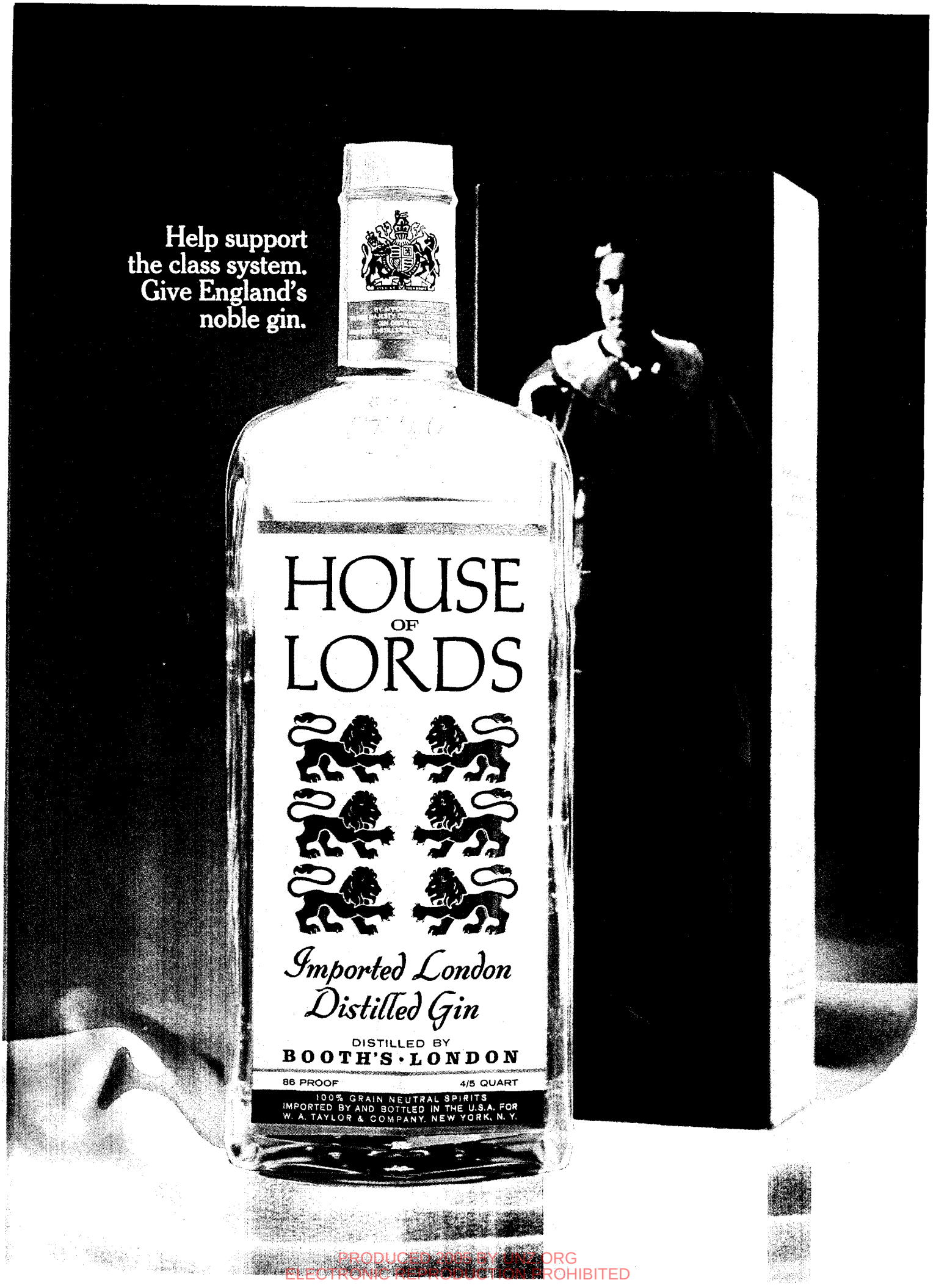

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Campus Turmoil

Continued from page 25

learning and rational inquiry" leads a minority of students to question the logic of their society. In this connection, ironically, the Cohn-Bendits reiterate the analysis of the university made over eighty years ago by the first minister of education in Meiji Japan, Arinori Mori. Mori also pointed to the modern society's need for universities that both socialize and innovate. And he argued that the university's capacity to question existing truths, to foster basic research, would inherently drive some within it to reject the status quo, to be disloyal. Mori proposed that the university should be kept apart from the rest of society as far as possible, so that those who had lost faith in it would not be able to corrupt the system. In effect, Mori and the Cohn-Bendits agree that a modern society cannot exist without good universities, yet such institutions inherently breed opposition.

The university not only motivates a section of the population to oppose the larger society; it provides them with the opportunity to do so. "The student, at least, in the modern system of higher education, still preserves a considerable degree of personal freedom, if he chooses to exercise it. He does not have to earn his own living, his studies do not occupy all his time and he has no foreman on his back. He rarely has a wife and child to feed. He can, if he so chooses, take extreme political positions without any personal danger; in general, he is not subjected to formal sanctions or even reprimands."

Only a small minority of students turns radical and rejects the entire system. But that minority can become a catalyst activating a much larger segment of the community, leading to student demonstrations which provoke university officials into sending for the police. In Berkeley, Berlin, Mexico City, and Paris it "was the action of the authorities that opened the eyes of many previously uncommitted students. Our provocation . . . brought the latent authoritarianism of the bureaucrats into the open." In Paris it was the calling of the police, first at Nanterre and later at the Sorbonne, that turned protest demonstrations into major confrontations which ultimately saw tens of thousands of students battling the police, and eventually led to a near general strike by the workers.

Although the French student movement is the only one in the Western world that involved large sections of the working class, the Cohn-Bendits argue that French workers in their present situation are not a revolutionary class, that they failed to follow through in the struggle to bring down the government. As evidence for their thesis that the proletariat has been inhibited by the Leftist parties and trade unions from becoming a revolutionary force the authors point out that the Communist Party and the trade union movement which it controls, the CGT, initially opposed the student demonstrations and sought to prevent contact between student rebels and factory workers. The Party went so far as to appeal to xenophobia: Georges Marchais, second-in-command of the French Communist Party, claimed that the student movement at Nanterre was "led by the German anarchist, Cohn-Bendit." When the de Gaulle government deported Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the general secretary of the CGT, M. Seguy, who is also a member of the Politburo of the Communist Party, stated, "It would seem that the warnings we issued, even before the Prime Minister hinted that this individual was a member of an international organization, are about to be confirmed." In discussing the ban on various Left-wing revolutionary groups, Seguy boasted that CGT had "forced" the government "to remove the troublemakers on the eve of the election." (Parenthetically, it may be noted that a leading pro-Communist trade union leader in San Francisco tried to play the same role in the Berkeley student revolt of 1964. Before the Sproul Hall sit-in, he told members of the Board of Regents that the Communist student group at Berkeley would be able to end the FSM protest if the Regents agreed to various rule changes and to the expulsion of Mario Savio, the leader of the FSM, and seven other student protest leaders.)

The behavior of the French Communist Party and trade unions in seeking to end the strikes and demonstrations within the framework of legality and parliamentarianism is regarded by the Cohn-Bendits as only the most recent example of the counterrevolutionary role of the Communist movement. A large part of the book is devoted to analyzing and documenting comparable activities by Communists back to the Russian Revolution. These include the Communists' support for the French army against the Algerian rebels after World War II, their pro-German, anti-Gaullist position before the German attack on the Soviet Union in June 1941, their backing of the Popular Front Government of 1936-38, which allowed the Spanish Republic to be crushed "by its policy of non-intervention," and attacks on the non-Communist Left "as 'social traitors,' worse enemies of the working class than the Fascists," before Hitler came to power.

SUCH criticisms of the Communist Party have, of course, been the stock in trade of Trotskyism. The Cohn-Bendits, however, argue that the Bolshevik Party attempted to prevent the Russian Revolution itself. They cite various incidents in 1917 when the Party "lagged behind both the action of the masses and also their revolutionary spirit." The Party continually underestimated the revolutionary potential of the Russian workers and peasants. Essentially, the Cohn-Bendits believe, "the Revolution was the spontaneous expression of the will of the masses," which Lenin had to press the Bolsheviks into exploiting. The basic error of Bolshevism from the beginning lay in its contempt for the masses, in its belief that the proletariat must be led by a vanguard. And the ultimate triumph of totalitarianism in the Soviet Union was, therefore, inherent in Bolshevik ideology and organizational doctrine. The Party rather than the people had to rule.

The Cohn-Bendits are anarchists. They believe in a classless society without parties. In a purely cooperative society where people control the institutions within which they work and live, there would be no need of a state or other institutions of repressive social control. The authors do not, however,

—*Keystone.*

Daniel Cohn-Bendit and student leaders from other nations—"serious, honest."

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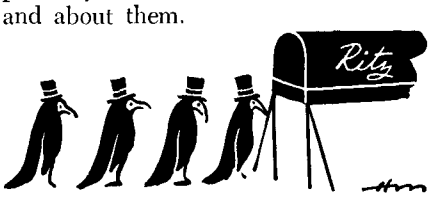
seek to present any coherent case for anarchism—that is, to explain how such a society might operate under the conditions of complex industrialism. The only positive example presented in the book is the Makhno movement. This Ukrainian-based anarchist movement existed from 1918 to 1921 in an area containing seven million people. Although it fought heroically against the White Guards, it was finally destroyed by the Red Army. The history of the Makhnovchina suggests that the Russian Revolution could have resulted in a free society. This is not the place to argue with the Cohn-Bendits concerning the viability of anarchism or the morality of Makhno. I would only note, therefore, that my colleague Adam Ulam reports that the record of the Makhno movement is not a savory one. Their use of terrorism against apolitical civilians and minority nationalities, as well as the Jews, is documented in Konstantin Paustovsky's *Story of My Life*.

As anarchists the Cohn-Bendits do not hesitate to point out the iniquities of Communists, Trotskyists, and Socialists, and even indicate their negative attitude to Maoists and North Vietnam. But, strangely, their efforts to generalize about the conservative and even authoritarian aspects of Party and union organization are not buttressed with a word about the record of the largest anarchist movement in history, that of Spain. Surely, the absolute ethics to which they are committed should have required them to note that the Spanish anarchists took part in repressive governments and acquiesced in the suppression of other extreme Left groups during the Spanish Civil War. The Cohn-Bendits also have nothing to say about the Israeli *kibbutzim*, an institution which seemingly offers more evidence that free anarchist communes are viable than anything accomplished by Makhno. This does not reflect ignorance on their part, for Daniel Cohn-Bendit spent some months in Israel a few years ago, and paid considerable attention to the *kibbutzim*. A related omission, curious in a book written by two young men of Jewish origin, one of whose parents was a Zionist, is failure to discuss the attitude of the French student Left towards Arab terrorism.

As students of sociology, the authors devote a section to analyzing the moral and intellectual failings of this discipline. Yet in their discussion of the inherently conservative, bureaucratic, and oligarchic aspects of hierarchical organization there is no reference to the arguments of Max Weber and Robert Michels. Neither political sociologist would have been surprised at the evidence presented here concerning the behavior of various Left-wing political groups. In a sense their theories of bureaucracy and Party oligarchy anticipated such reactions. Much of the Cohn-Bendits' book reads almost like quotations from Weber and Michels: "The setting up of any party inevitably reduces freedom. . . . In other words, democracy is not suborned by bad leadership, but by the very existence of leadership. Democracy cannot exist within the Party, because the Party itself is not a democratic organization, *i.e.*, it is based upon authority and not on representation." But Weber and Michels also argued that part of the human tragedy rests in the unavoidability of such institutional practices in complex social systems, whether capitalist, socialist, or other. It follows that liberty, and restrictions on the power and wealth of those at the summits of key social and political institutions, must be maintained or extended through institutionalized conflict among organized groups representing different interests and values. If hierarchy and oligarchy cannot be abolished, then those committed to reducing exploitation and alienation should seek to sustain institutions of countervailing power—parties, unions, critical intellectual organs, and the like. And I would argue that those who have called for the end of political conflict, for a classless social system, have themselves contributed to the ideological base justifying authoritarianism. Such a thesis may be viewed objectively as an ideological defense of stratified social systems, but, given the highly similar logic of Weber, Michels, and the Cohn-Bendits, I for one would like to see the two students come to intellectual grips with the work of the great German sociologists.

Although I have used the reviewer's prerogative to suggest that the authors should have written differently, it ought to be obvious that this is an important work as it stands. It is far superior to anything that has come out of the American student movement. The Cohn-Bendits are serious, honest intellectuals who understand that those who want to make a revolution must be students of history. They are clearly well-read in the issues affecting the movement. One may agree or disagree with them, but one cannot ignore them. That they are unrepresentative of the students of Europe is obvious but basically irrelevant, for they aspire to be revolutionary intellectuals in an age that may turn out to be one of revolution. We shall probably continue both to read them and about them.



Fugitive Voice

Continued from page 25

the *Saturday Review* chooses to censor itself, let me commend to its readers these speeches and occasional writings of Eldridge Cleaver.

They will find that Mr. Cleaver sometimes uses bad language—not only obscenity but also the distressing jargon of popular sociology and psychology: "I can't relate to that," "I can't identify with that," etc. That is deplorable, certainly. The obscenity and the jargon are stigmata of the two social classes that figure most strongly in present-day radical movements in this country, young men and women from the lowest stratum of the working class—mostly black—and students—mostly middle class in origin. The one group contributes the rough language that goes along with its rough life; the other sports the ugly technicized vocabulary of the social worker and psychological therapist. I found that Mr. Cleaver's ideas were of sufficient interest to make me disregard his linguistic abuses. When he is restored to us, and again taking part in our public life, those irrelevancies will fall by the wayside, for nothing is more characteristic of that remarkable man than his ability to outgrow his own limitations.

These *al fresco* polemics assume various forms—speeches made before student groups, two affidavits composed as documents for his defense when his parole was revoked after the Oakland shootings, a memoir of Stokely Carmichael, an essay on the death of Martin Luther King written for *Ramparts*, of which Mr. Cleaver was a senior editor, another on Frantz Fanon, and one notable interview with Nat Hentoff. The main thrust of all of these is Mr. Cleaver's demonstration that the fate of the black community in this country is a special case under the general heading of American liberties. The validity of that claim might seem self-evident, but it was by advancing it pugnaciously that Mr. Cleaver called down official wrath upon his head. He makes the connection most pointedly in his interview with Nat Hentoff:

> You see, whites in America really love this country. Especially young white idealists. They've always been taught that they're living in the freest country in the world, the fairest country in the world, a country that will always move to support the underdog. So when they see their Government murdering people in Vietnam, the outrage flowing from that realization is immeasurable. . . . A lot of whites have already made a correct analysis of the situation: They're aware that the Government of their country has been usurped and is in the hands of a clique, what Eisenhower called the military-

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industrial complex, which manages the political system for the protection of the large corporations. Having made that analysis, there are enough people right now, I believe, who are so outraged at the way things are going that they would move against this usurpation if they knew how.

Well, one begins to understand California's annoyance. The outraged patriotism of young white idealists is socially disruptive, and any statement that legitimizes that attitude is equally so. An interesting implication—one that we might have anticipated, to be sure—is that young black idealism, especially when it takes the form of militant radicalism, is also a form of outraged patriotism. Socially disruptive? Let us say, disruptive of those social arrangements that are comfortable for a minority and inimical to the majority, not of Americans only, but of the people of the world. If that point of view has the faintest shadow of validity, it is essential that it be put before the American people as only its most passionate advocates can present it. That is the whole theory and practice of democratic self-government. What is requisite in this case is that Eldridge Cleaver be amnestied, so that California's Governor and parole authorities may no longer pervert judgment in the councils of the nation by suppressing essential testimony.

We Aren't Helpless

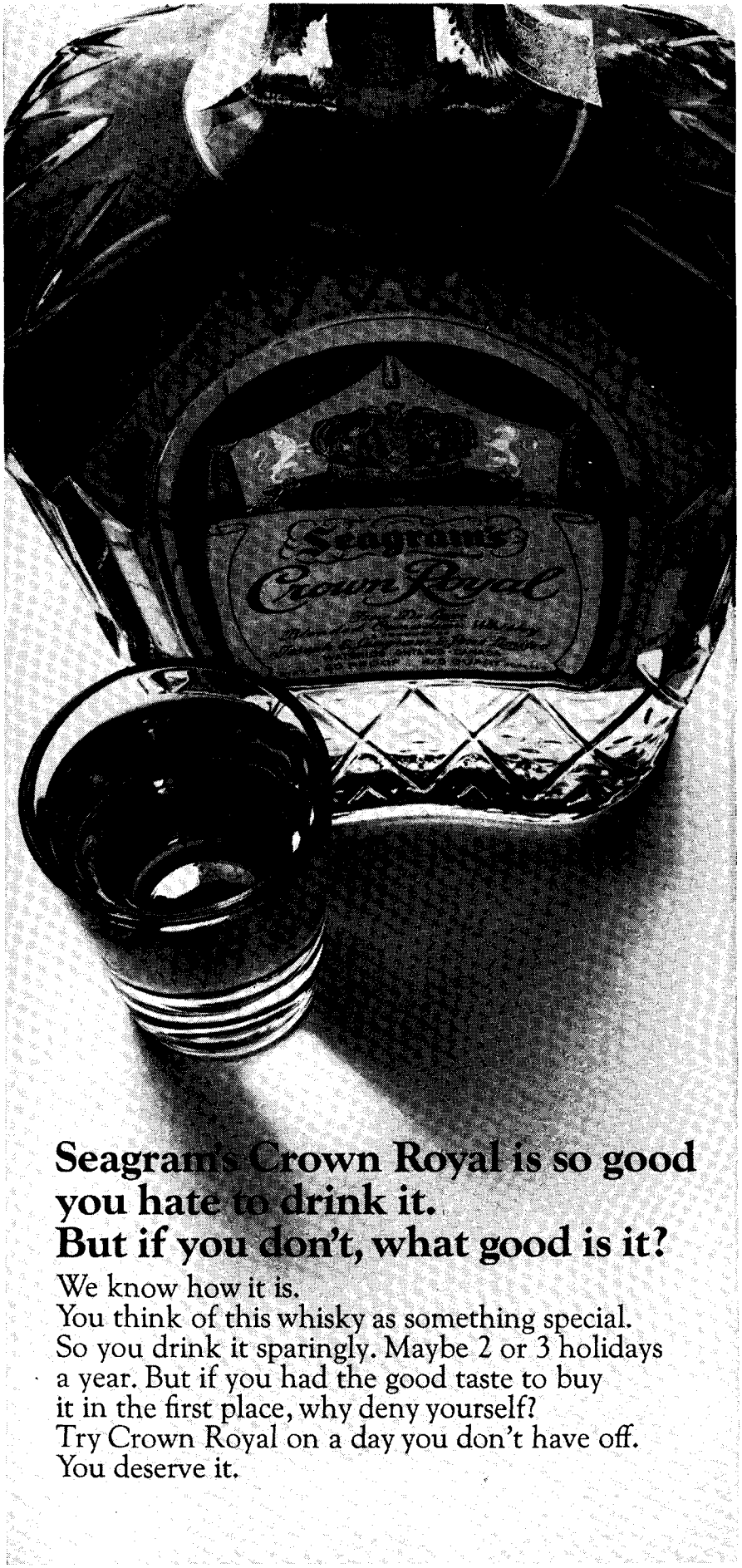
The Power of the Unknown Citizen, *by Paul Kresh (Lippincott. 224 pp. $4.95), encourages the average man to stand up for his rights and to crack down on wrongs. James F. Fixx is former features editor of Saturday Review.*

By JAMES F. FIXX

READING PAUL KRESH'S *The Power of the Unknown Citizen,* I found that for some reason or other alternative titles kept popping into my mind. Such as *They Said It Couldn't Be Done.* And *The Power of Positive Hell-Raising.* Because that's what the book is really all about—getting things done in the face of wretched odds. "The citizen," Mr. Kresh writes, "has far more power than he realizes, not only on election day but every day . . . . You and I are not the helpless pawns we sometimes fancy ourselves as we seek to justify or excuse our own inertia and apathy." That is his central argument, and it would take a stubborn man indeed to doubt its truth after reading his accounts of individual derring-do in the face of apparently lost causes.

He relates, for example, the stories of a number of obscure people who in their own ways did remarkable things—Margaret Loris of Galion, Ohio, who

(*Continued on page 64*)



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Sufferers and Seekers

Continued from page 33

somehow the laughter is missing. Can it be that Mrs. Jhabvala, always the wry satirist, has become bitter? Possibly, because these stories hurt in a way she has never hurt before.

Nobody quite wins in the new India, but foreigners always lose. Richard, the English hero of "In Love with a Beautiful Girl," becomes enamored of an Indian girl who comes from a modern family, plays tennis, and drives fast sports cars. To Richard she is the mystery of India personified; to her he is a ticket to the West but in himself "an awful dud." In other stories the game is played in reverse. In "Passion" an English girl falls in love with a miserable young government clerk because "he was real, he was everyday, urban suffering India that people in the West didn't know about." Their affair is a disaster, but even at the end, when there is clearly no future, Betsy still has visions of the new life she believes is about to begin.

There are other lovers in the six stories in this section, called "The Seekers": Georgia, who is attracted to a young Indian of good family and who may or may not escape absolute disillusion; Daphne, an English secretary who blindly follows a dubious guru; Cathy, who is gradually suffocated by the family of the free young Indian she thought she had married.

In the second section, entitled "The Sufferers," there are three sad sketches of Europeans who stayed in India too long. Dr. Ernst of "An Indian Citizen," an old man who has lived in India most of his life but whose only real friends are other Europeans, sums up the message as he contemplates young Indians in a Delhi coffee shop:

> . . . the fast growing creepers and flowers of too brilliant colors, the intensely blue skies, the birds and the beasts that lived in jungles, the rivers, the vast mountain ranges—it all, all belonged to them and they to it, man and nature made to each other, where he and Lily and Maiska and Herman and the rest of them would always remain only pale, stray strangers.

Young hippies in love with India, please take note.

Life as an Antique Shop: As in *Jubb*, Keith Waterhouse continues in *Everything Must Go* (Putnam, $4.95) his dissection of the introspective personality begun in *Billy Liar*. The first two novels utilized provincial and suburban settings; the new one invades the London theatrical fringe, a background appropriate to Waterhouse's gifts for caricature and the grotesque. Bitterly humorous, *Everything Must Go* demonstrates again the author's wit and moral detachment, a detachment in this novel reminiscent in many ways of the early Waugh.

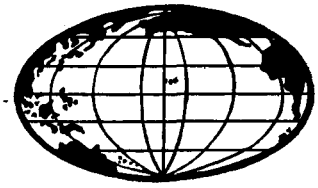
Waterhouse's protagonist, an inept antique dealer in his middle thirties, lives more fully in his imagination than in either his home or his Fulham shop. Yearning for a life of artistic eccentricity, William is disappointed in his wife, Poodle, and his lumpish daughter, Melisande, a child in many ways like himself. He refuses to acknowledge either his wife's unhappiness or the fact that his daughter is becoming a liar and a thief; and he ignores all indications of the originality he seeks in his wife, as well as his daughter's tentative attempts to like him. William's life is, in fact, like his antique shop: "it was in every respect the shop he had imagined in his mind's eye—but out of focus, as if the retina were faulty."

Rosemary, his mistress of a year, indulges his penchant for excessive worry and extreme caution, while she fully enjoys the misery she causes him. As their affair moves comically from one thwarted rendezvous to another, William savors most of all the devices and subterfuges he concocts to keep the relationship from his bored and frustrated wife.

It is chiefly through William's reaction to Jackie Douglas, an unsuccessful actress, that the moral aspects of Waterhouse's fable are developed. Delighted by Jackie's honesty and her generosity, William responds instinctively and in kind to her request for enough money to secure an abortion. When six months later she needs another, William is easily persuaded to deny any responsibility. The "disillusion, guilt, frustration, totaling to a restless melancholy," which make William a memorable as well as likable rascal, reduce to his helplessness in a mad and rapacious world. The ending is particularly appropriate, considering the novel's underlying satirical purpose. As Waterhouse blurs the distinctions between victim and victimizer he asks his reader not to judge but to consider; and the reader's laughter is the measure of the writer's success.

Billy Liar dealt brilliantly with prolonged adolescence, *Jubb* with the psychotic-introspective personality. *Everything Must Go*, while still concerned with the relationship of guilt and responsibility, the individual and the social order, indicates that Waterhouse is expanding his scope. If several of the scenes appear forced, if coincidence plays a strong part in the action, if at times the irony seems all too convenient, rich comic invention and precise characterization do much to offset these minor negative aspects. —A. De Vitis.

Your weekly trip around the world of ideas



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NEW FACTS ON FLUORIDATION

The Royal Canadian College of Physicians and Surgeons has received a medical science research report from Ottawa General Hospital, where a group of patients whose lives depend on artificial kidneys has developed bone disease recalcitrant to treatment. The kidneys use artificially fluoridated water. Similar cases were reported earlier in the United States. Are there implications for people with kidney ailments who drink fluoridated water every day?

WHEN the first edition of *SR*'s Science and Humanity Supplement appeared in March 1956, fluoridation of public drinking water already had been a subject of raging controversy for more than a decade. People and agencies involved in the fight soon were piling the science editor's mail basket high with arguments for and against fluoridation. The letters had one point in common: He had an obligation to analyze the issue and report his findings. The argument was so much more emotional than logical that a very long time was required to sort the information from the noise. But five years ago [*SR*, Dec. 7, 1963; Jan. 4, 1964], he totted the opposing data and published the following conclusions:

► Although the evidence was not considered valid by all scientists, there was preponderant experimental support for the view that addition of sodium fluoride to drinking water conferred a certain resistance to tooth decay in a large percentage of children in the age bracket characterized by maximum physical growth.

► Very little was known about the side effects of fluoridated water in the human body apart from the teeth.

► Especially neglected by medical investigators were the side effects of fluoridated water in victims of metabolic disorders, such as those of the kidneys, the liver, the cardiovascular system, and the skeleton.

► The United States Public Health Service and individuals dependent on grants of public money from USPHS had failed to weigh reports of unfavorable side effects of fluoridated water impartially against claims that no such effects occurred if the water supply was maintained at a ratio of 1 part of sodium fluoride to 1,000,000 parts of water.

► A potential threat to the health of an undetermined number of individuals was thus being masked by insistent pro-fluoridation pressure applied with the declared purpose of guarding the public health.

Reader reaction to these conclusions was tumultuous. It dominated the LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR pages for months afterwards [Feb. 1, Feb. 15, Mar. 7, Apr. 4, May 2, July 4, 1964; Jan. 2, Apr. 3, May 1, June 5, Oct. 2, Nov. 6, Dec. 4, 1965]. Angry spokesmen for USPHS and a number of its grant recipients denied any attempt at censorship of information unfavorable to the fluoridation cause. Assurances were given that the public would be promptly informed of discoveries suggestive of dangers hidden in fluoridated drinking water.

In the subsequent five years, no public warnings of fluoridated water's side effects in general or in special cases or under particular circumstances have issued from USPHS.

YET, one year after the USPHS attitude was challenged in these columns, there began to unfold a series of events that USPHS was committed to notice. The first event was publication, in the *Archives of Internal Medicine* issue dated February 1965, of a clinical science report titled, "Use of Fluoridated Water in Long-Term Hemodialysis."

Hemodialysis is the substitution of an artificial kidney for the natural kidneys to remove from the blood wastes normally disposed of through the urine. The artificial kidney is essentially a coil of plastic tubing immersed in a water bath and connected to the main blood vessels that lead into and out of the natural kidney. The tubing does not accomplish all the subtle transfers performed by the tubules of a natural kidney, but it does alleviate uremia by shunting the body's blood supply outside the body, bypassing impaired kidneys, and carrying impurities from the blood across the plastic membrane into the water bath, then returning the purified blood to the body. At the same time that the impurities are passing through the membrane from the blood into the water, osmotic pres-

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sure is moving minerals in the water across the membrane in the opposite direction, from the water into the blood.

Part of this return transfer—passage of fluoride from the water into the blood and thence into the metabolic systems of the body—was what the above-cited *Archives* report concerned itself with. Artificial kidneys were still new and experimental in June 1961, when the subject of the report—a fortyish Rochester, New York, female nurse who had been afflicted with a mild kidney impairment (proteinuria) for twenty years, higher than normal blood pressure for a decade after birth of a child, and periodic urinary tract infection for six years—suffered kidney function failure and consequent accumulation of wastes in the blood. Repeated hemodialysis for periods of four to six hours every two to three weeks kept her alive until May 1962, but did not decisively change her chronic uremic condition. Autopsy was performed, but the findings were not disclosed in the *Archives*. Cause of death, if precisely determined, was not stated. The *Archives* report discussed only the amount of fluoride that could be estimated to have entered the woman's body through the public drinking water supply.

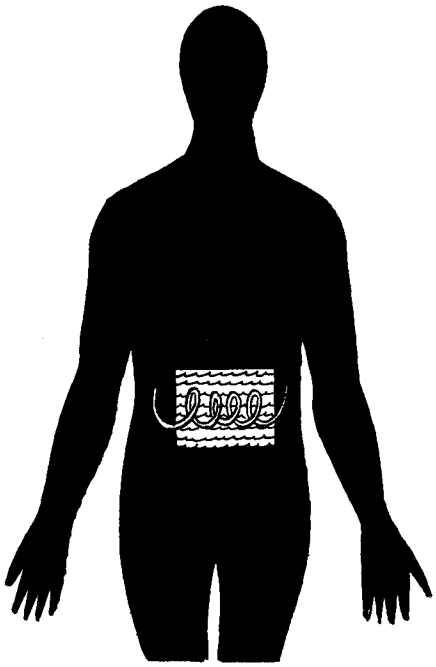
"Except for a period from 1952 to 1957, her household water had less than 0.2 ppm of fluoride," the report said. "During the period from 1952 to 1957, it was approximately 1 ppm. Subsequent to 1957, she worked in a hospital that had fluoridated water, where it is known that she drank two cups of coffee a day. Other dietary history is unavailable."

In other words, before she was hemodialysed with an artificial kidney bathed in the artificially fluoridated water of the city of Rochester, the nurse's exposure to fluoridated water had been relatively slight.

Since the dialysate bath in the artificial kidney contained 100 liters of water, and since the bath water was changed once during each dialysis, the total volume of the water used in one dialysis was 200 liters. A liter weighs 1,000 grams; 200 liters therefore weigh 200 million milligrams. Given a ratio of 1 part of fluoride to 1,000,000 parts of water, the bath water used in one dialysis would contain 200 mg of fluoride.

Exactly how much of this fluoride actually moved out of the bath water into the nurse's blood could not be determined because hemodialysis had been performed on two occasions before the water was sampled for fluoride content. Estimates based on sampling of subsequent dialyses would not be dependable because the earliest sampled dialyses transferred much more fluoride from the water into the blood than the later dialyses did. But for what the figures were worth, the *Archives* reporters measured the actual loss of fluoride from the bath water in all of the seven sampled dialyses and came up with an average loss of 5 mg per bath, or 10 mg per dialysis. By assuming a regular pattern for the two unsampled dialyses, and arbitrarily assigning a fluoride content to the water the nurse drank during her stays in the hospital, "a total dose of about 150 mg" was arrived at.

According to all the rules of fluoride behavior then known to medical investigators, this total amount fell far short of explaining the concentration of 5,500 ppm of fluoride discovered in the skeletal bones of the nurse at autopsy. "At least 4 grams of fluoride [more than twenty-six times 150 mg] would have to be present in the bones to produce a concentration" of that intensity, the *Archives* report observed, adding: "This suggests that she was ingesting and retaining more fluoride than usual for some time." How ingestion could have been greater than indicated in the case history was not explained. A greater retention might have been due to the kidney impairment. On that point, the report declared: "The question of increased retention of fluoride in patients with kidney disease has not been resolved." However the condition had come about, the mineral content of the bones was dissolving at a high rate at the time of her death. As the *Archives* report put it: "There was excess bone breakdown."



Fluoridated water baths turn life-saving artificial kidneys into crippling instruments

The concentration of fluoride in the nurse's blood was also elevated. Whether or not the elevation was detrimental "cannot be answered with finality," the *Archives* report said, concluding with the following paragraph: "It is possible that extra fluoride was beneficial for this patient's bone . . . so further experimental work would seem justified. However, where no effort can be made to learn more about its possible effects, it would seem prudent to use non-fluoridated dialysate baths for long-term hemodialysis."

The initial signer of the *Archives* report was University of Rochester Assistant Radiation Biology Professor Donald R. Taves, M.D. His co-authors were three fellow members of the Rochester faculty: Pathology Professor R. Terry, M.D.; Associate Radiation Biology (Toxicology) Professor F. A. Smith, and Technical Associate D. E. Gardner. The research reported on was financially supported in part by a USPHS grant. But USPHS did not disseminate the report to the lay public.

THE University of Rochester is one of the strongest pro-fluoridation centers in American academia. As a community, it did not enthuse over this *Archives* departure from orthodoxy. But Professor Taves, possessed of an independent mind and courageous spirit, would not abandon his thesis that the side effects fluoridated water works through artificial kidneys needed further investigation. In 1968, he reported on the subject again, this time in a paper he read at a spring meeting of the American Society for Artificial Internal Organs in Philadelphia.

After a prefatory note that "many cities add fluoride to their water supplies to reduce dental decay, but there is little known about the implications of fluoride for those who are dependent on hemodialysis for life," the Philadelphia paper proceeded to describe what had happened to seven patients under treatment with artificial kidneys bathed in fluoridated water. Some of the patients were from Rochester, others from Seattle in Washington state. Some had been treated with one type of artificial kidney, some with another type. To varying degrees, the seven shared a common experience: The level of fluoride concentration in their bloodstreams rose after each dialysis and fell in the interval between dialyses. Taves commented:

> These results demonstrate that when the dialysate is prepared with fluoridated water, fluoride moves from dialysate to blood at a rate comparable to the movement of solutes in the opposite direction. . . .
>
> The only two significant means of clearing fluoride from the body fluids are renal excretion and incorporation in bone. Since residual renal function was minimal to non-existent in these patients, the decrease in serum concentration [of fluoride] between dialyses

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was primarily due to clearance [absorption of fluoride] by bone. . . .

Little data are available that correlate serum fluoride levels [of fluoride] with therapeutic or toxic effects in man. . . . These data suggest that the serum fluoride values seen in these patients [the seven Taves was reporting on] are likely to result in altered bone formation. Further studies will be needed to rule out the possibility that more generalized effects are occurring. . . .

Like Taves's earlier work, the research that stood behind his second report had also been financed in part by a USPHS grant. But if USPHS did anything to disseminate the new facts dug up by the research, the lay public that foots the bill for fluoridation of public drinking water never heard of it.

Among the scientists who attended the Philadelphia meeting at which Taves spoke was a young Canadian, Dr. Gerald Posen. Dr. Posen had studied at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore and had gone from there to Montreal to join the staff of the Montreal General Hospital. There he did clinical research with artificial kidneys. It was commonplace for patients aided by artificial kidneys to be attacked by blood and bone discomforts, but these problems were just as commonly dissipated by supplementing the patient's supply of calcium, phosphorus, and Vitamin D. The experience at Montreal encouraged Posen to take on a bigger assignment and he went to the Ottawa General Hospital in Canada's capital city to take charge of that institution's artificial kidney unit. There he encountered much more severe manifestations of the same types of bone problems he had found and successfully combated in Montreal. But he discovered to his dismay that the treatments he had used in Montreal would not work in Ottawa. No matter what massive therapeutic dosages he prescribed, the bone deformation in his artificial kidney patients grew worse instead of better.

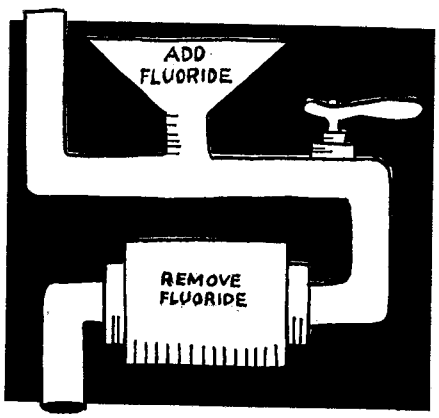
POSEN went to the meeting of the American Society for Artificial Internal Organs in Philadelphia to learn something helpful in alleviating the suffering of the people in his charge. By chance he sat beside Taves at a dinner party. He told Taves his troubles. Taves asked him whether the possibility of fluoride involvement had been considered. Posen said it had not. Taves asked whether the public drinking water in Montreal was fluoridated. Posen said it was not. Was the public drinking water of Ottawa fluoridated? Posen did not know. The question agitated him so much that he walked to the nearest telephone and called Ottawa. Was Ottawa's public drinking water fluoridated? Yes, it had been since November 1965.

Posen made an immediate decision. He would set up a definitive experiment to determine what, if any, role fluoride might be playing in the suffering of his artificial kidney patients in Ottawa. He asked Taves whether Taves would make analyses of the blood of the patients. Taves was happy to do so, for he had recently made a discovery that may revolutionize the entire study of side effects of fluoridated drinking water.

The discovery was that, insofar as effects within the body are concerned, there is not one form of fluoride in the blood but two. One of the two is tightly bound to protein soon after it enters the body. By definition, this form is not free to combine and cause trouble. The second form is a free ion, able to enter into any number of potential reactions.

The free form makes up somewhat less than 15 per cent of the total amount of fluoride entering the body. The implications of this small percentage to study of fluoride's side effects become evident when the percentage is applied to the fluoride level of normal blood in a community without an artificially fluoridated water supply. The fluoride content of such blood is 0.14 ppm, of which only 0.02 ppm is in free ionic form. If the drinking water of that community is thereafter fluoridated at the standard 1 ppm level, the fluoride concentration in the blood of the community's citizens can jump to 0.19 ppm, of which 0.07 ppm is free to react inside the body. The rise in total blood fluoride concentration is approximately 36 per cent; but the rise in free fluoride is 250 per cent. In this context, the possible relationships between addition of small amounts of fluoride to water and the side effects of fluoride take on quite different proportions than seemed reasonable before Taves separated the bound from the free fluoride.

The availability of this precise new tool of fluoride measurement, in the skillful hands of its discoverer, speeded the initiation of Posen's crucial experiment. His next step was to assure a continuing story of what happened to fluoride from the artificial kidney bath water after the fluoride entered the blood. To do that, he had to match the fluoride concentration in the blood of his patients against the concentration of fluoride in their bones.



He asked Taves to recommend an expert bone analyst. Taves recalled that Dr. L. F. Belanger, of the Department of Histology, University of Ottawa, had reviewed a widely discussed *Archives of Environmental Health* state-of-the-art report on fluoride pathways to bone [see *SR*, Jan. 4, 1964]. Posen called for help from Belanger, who referred the challenge to one of the three authors of the state-of-the-art report: John Marier, a chemical analyst associated with Dr. Dyson Rose, an internationally reputed chemist on the staff of the National Research Council of Canada. Marier agreed to analyze bone for Posen if Rose would approve. Rose approved, on the grounds that Posen's project was an important public service worthy of NRC's respect. All that remained to make the experiment foolproof was for Posen himself to record his patients' clinical symptoms in fine detail.

At intervals thereafter, samples of blood went to Taves and samples of bone (mostly biopsied from the iliac crest, the bony vestige at the base of the spine where evolutionists say pre-man once had a tail) to Marier. The samples were identified only by number. Neither Taves nor Marier knew the names or physical conditions of the patients they were observing. Only Posen had the identities and clinical records that fit the numbers.

IN the half year that followed the Philadelphia meeting, Posen accumulated enough data to reach several solid conclusions. He incorporated these facts into a paper and took it to Washington, D.C., in November 1968 to read at a meeting of the American Society of Nephrology. Expecting a small audience, he was appalled to find that he had been assigned the biggest conference room available. "I will be deafened by the echoes," he said. When the time came for him to speak, however, the big room was not only filled but overflowing. Hundreds of kidney specialists were attracted by his subject. Posen did not disappoint them. The facts he recited thoroughly confirmed what Taves had hinted at three years before—fluoridated water should not be used in the dialysis baths of artificial kidneys because of the side effects it wreaks in the bones and perhaps in other parts of the patients' bodies.

If any account of Posen's report ever has been published in a newspaper or magazine or on a radio or TV broadcast, *SR*'s science editor is not aware of it.

The reaction of the medical scientists who applauded Posen's pronouncements is an instructive commentary on the

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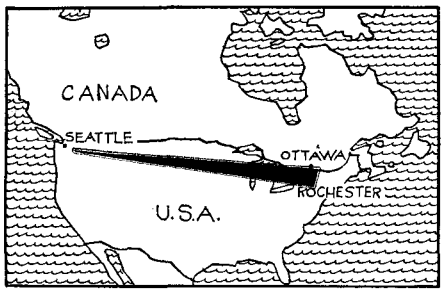
power of the USPHS fluoridation dogma. Scores of kidney specialists buttonholed him afterward, but not one of them raised the question whether fluoridation of public drinking water ought to be discontinued, or whether proposals for further extension of the practice should be subjected to vigorous scrutiny. The only question they asked was: Where can our hospitals buy dependable filters to remove fluoride from the dialysis baths of our artificial kidney units?

Posen was in fact relieved that no one put the larger question because he didn't feel he could give an answer, one way or the other, that would stand up under scientific analysis. He went home to Canada, located a fluoride filter manufacturer in the town of Hamilton, Ontario, and ordered a set of de-mineralizers to attach to the dialysis baths of artificial kidneys in the Ottawa General Hospital.

Now one of the archaic principles that governs the practice of modern medicine



says no physician is really expected to be better than average. As long as a doctor does what most of his colleagues in his neighborhood do, he is safe from criticism. Improvements in treatment of any kind are therefore slow to achieve acceptance. But once a method or a technique is commonly adopted, inertia acts to hold it in operation far beyond its period of true worth. Nevertheless, so many physicians share an inner compulsion to surpass average performance that medicine is carried forward almost in spite of itself, in individual spurts related to each other through an incredibly intricate network of informal feedbacks. Somehow this patchwork system of communication penetrated the silence surrounding the Posen project and placed Posen's name on the list of speakers for a meeting of the Royal Canadian College of Physicians and Surgeons at Vancouver, British Columbia, late in January 1969. Marier was asked to speak to the Canadian Society for Clinical Investigation, which met at the same time and place. And for the first time since original mention of the problem in a medical journal four years before, the side effects of fluoridated water in the bodies of people whose survival depends on artificial kidneys became news to the daily newspapers.

The Canadian Press correspondent who covered the Vancouver meetings sent CP member editors a dispatch that began:

> The artificially-fluoridated water supplies of certain cities may cause unexpected complications in the use of kidney machines to keep alive patients with kidney failure, two Ottawa doctors reported ....
>
> Their work in spotting the problem and examining its effects has resulted in a decision in the Ottawa General Hospital not to use the city's fluoridated water in the kidney-machine treatment.
>
> North American cities are being checked to determine whether other centres with fluoridated water experienced the same complications.

Southam News Services clients got a much longer report from correspondent Bob Cohen which opened with these paragraphs:

> The fluoride in city water supplies may be aggravating bone problems in people with diseased kidneys who need to have wastes mechanically filtered from their blood every week.
>
> An Ottawa study which describes the possibility was outlined here ... at the annual meeting of the Royal Canadian College of Physicians and Surgeons.
>
> Dr. Gerald Posen, head of the Ottawa General Hospital's hemodialysis unit, reported that fluorides in the Ottawa water supply apparently have had this aggravating effect.
>
> He and colleague John Marier, an analytical chemist at the National Research Council, are now trying to determine whether other cities with fluoridated water supplies have had the same experience.

AS so often happens in the United States when the impact of science on society is involved, the reporters at Vancouver apparently did not attempt to probe beneath the surface of events. Full texts of the Posen and Marier talks may not have been available, but abstracts were, and their authorship citations were explicit. Posen cosigned Marier's paper, Marier cosigned Posen's, and both appended the names of Posen's boss at Ottawa General Hospital, Dr. Z. F. Jaworski (who was then on leave from Ottawa to serve as a consultant at Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit where the public drinking water supply is fluoridated and where allergies and neurological disturbances have been attributed to fluoride for years by Dr. George L. Waldbott) and of Taves, who remained in Rochester during the Vancouver meetings. Had the newsmen at Vancouver asked about Taves's role in Posen's experiment, they would have discovered what has just been recited here—that Posen's work was a confirmation of Taves's findings of 1965, and therefore already on a footing of international significance rather than being a prelude to coming significance.

In opening his remarks to the Royal Canadian College of Physicians and Surgeons, Posen mentioned sixteen cases in which artificial kidneys were used at Ottawa General Hospital since 1964. Later, in a long-distance telephone conversation with *SR*'s science editor, he discussed fourteen of these patients, who had "minimal or no detectable bone disease" at the time treatment with artificial kidneys began. Four of the fourteen died before Posen could learn very much about them. The concentration of fluoride in the blood of all of the remaining ten patients rose to levels comparable to the levels that cause fluoride-induced bone disease in experimental animals. Alkaline phosphatase, an enzyme that circulates in the blood in amounts proportional to dissolution of bone in the body, also rose steadily in volume in all ten patients. By the end of a year of dialysis with fluoridated water, the ten patients had all developed bone disease. Nine of the ten complained of pain in their bones. Six were attacked by arthralgias—arthritic-like pains in the joints. Three developed calcific bursitis, a condition in which mineral crystals imbed in the shoulder muscles and saw at them from within. Muscles of five of the ten patients became weakened, and in three patients symptoms of irritation of the surface of nerves appeared.

X-rays meanwhile showed knobby growths on some bones, oversize crystals of mineral inside other bones, and disappearance of minerals from areas beneath the surfaces of still other bones. Progressive X-ray pictures revealed that as the period of dialysis with fluoridated water lengthened, dissolution of bone in all ten patients accelerated. In nine of the ten, the mineral substance of some bones became so depleted that the bones broke spontaneously. For example, ribs cracked under the pressure of breathing.

ONE of the ten patients died last summer, of causes that Posen says have not been determined although the body was autopsied. X-rays of that patient revealed first an area of bone from which the minerals were disappearing, then an associated fracture of the bone. The post-mortem confirmed occurrence of a metabolic disorder little understood by laymen. This phenomenon arises from the fact that the bones of the body are storehouses of minerals that the body draws upon in time of need. When the bones do not respond readily to the demand, the parathyroid gland sends a hormone through the blood to order the bones to act. If the bones still do not respond, the parathyroid assumes the

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hormone did not deliver the message. The gland thereupon exerts itself to send more hormones. Overexertion causes the gland to grow beyond its normal size. In the Ottawa patient whose death is under discussion here, the parathyroid gland was oversize. One explanation for this condition could be that the excessive fluoride in the bone had combined with and thus locked up an unusually large amount of calcium. As the parathyroid hormone carried its orders deeper into the bone, underlying calcium moved out in response to the instructions. By that time, the enlarged gland had grown accustomed to crying "give," and it continued to call after the need for calcium had passed.

Posen characterized the influence of fluoride in his fourteen cases as "a complicating factor; we don't know enough yet to call it a cause." Marier, who found among his chemical analyses the highest concentrations of fluoride ever observed in human bone, concurred in the view that results of the experiments to date "make it difficult to pinpoint fluoride involvement. Nevertheless," he said in his report to the Canadian Society of Clinical Investigation, "we have observed a pattern of bone disease that does not respond to normal therapy, associated with high fluoride levels in [blood] serum and bone which strongly suggest fluoride involvement in this particular form of bone disease."

Of the nine surviving subjects of the study, four have received natural kidneys transplanted from other persons. Two are using artificial kidneys at home, and three remain in the hospital. "Currently," Marier told his professional audience in Vancouver, "the Ottawa patients are being dialysed with fluoride-free water, and we hope to report on the follow-up phase in the near future." Immediately after the switch from fluoridated to unfluoridated water, the condition of the patients improved. To what extent the improvement will continue remains to be seen. Marier wholeheartedly endorsed Posen's closing statement to the Royal Canadian College of Physicians and Surgeons: "We recommend that fluoridated water not be used for hemodialysis until the role of fluoride in renal osteodystrophy is clarified."

In its news dispatch concerning the Vancouver meeting, the Canadian Press quoted Posen and Marier as having told a press conference that "their findings have no implications whatever in the use of fluoridated water for drinking in those centers which add the chemical to the water supply as a tooth decay preventive." Questioned on this point by telephone afterward, Posen accepted responsibility for the statement but conceded he could not document it scientifically; nor, he said, could he document the opposite conclusion that fluoridation of public drinking water evokes side effects on a sufficiently broad spectrum to justify discontinuance of the fluoridation practice. "I don't wish to be a party to the fluoridation controversy," Posen said. "I wish only to continue my research and see where it takes me."

Marier agreed that Posen alone had made the statement quoted by CP. Marier's personal position was that Ottawa General Hospital's experience with fluoridated water in artificial kidneys, plus the Rochester-Seattle experience reported earlier by Taves, plus repeated reports in the medical literature of side effects caused by fluoride in water abroad, have clear implications for exposure to fluoride everywhere in the environment, and that these call for deeper research into the metabolic behavior not only of fluoride but of other trace elements in biology such as phosphate, magnesium, calcium, citrate, and cobalt. As man enters an era of profound concern over the totality of his environment, ignorance of small convergences may frustrate his understanding of larger consequences.

In presenting his observations to the Canadian Society of Clinical Investigation, Marier emphasized that side effects of fluoridated water moving into the body through an artificial kidney are not now being translated into predictions of side effects that will be brought about by fluoridated water taken by mouth. He reminded that the concentration of free ionic fluoride in the blood can be as low as 0.02 ppm, whereas the concentration of fluoride in artificially fluoridated water is 1 ppm. In other words, the amount of fluoride in the bath water of an artificial kidney can be proportionately as much as fifty times the amount in the blood that the plastic coil of the kidney carries through the bath. The 50-to-1 gradient between the outer and inner sides of the coil membrane drives fluoride across the membrane from the water into the blood until an osmotic equilibrium is reached.

AT the 50-to-1 ratio, fluoridated water produced bone disease in ten patients studied at Ottawa General Hospital within a year; in two and a half years, all ten patients were actively sick. As is recalled in Michael Wollan's brief history of fluoridation beginning on page 56 of this issue of *SR*, specialists in fluoride chemistry who opposed initiation of fluoridation of public drinking water years ago warned that fluoride was such a subtle enzyme inhibitor that its damaging effects would be a long while in exposing themselves; nevertheless, those specialists—several of them Nobel Prize winners—insisted that the effects wou'd be inexorable. *SR*'s science editor believes there is now excellent cause to determine whether the protesting Nobelists were right or wrong. If water fluoridated at a concentration of 1 ppm can, by moving through an artificial kidney, cripple the body it enters within a year, it is time to discover whether water fluoridated at a concentration of 1 ppm can reasonably be expected to cripple the bodies of severe kidney disease victims who drink the water daily for ten to twenty or more years.

The question posed in these columns five years ago grows more pertinent with time's passage: Is fluoride's effect sufficiently selective? Does it protect the teeth without exacting penalties elsewhere in the body? To repeat a comment made here at that time:

> Surely we have learned to respect this question. We have frightening examples from the past to justify it. Radium water was drunk by the glassful,

> with the approval of some of the most advanced physicians, until someone suddenly discovered that those who were drinking it were slowly disintegrating internally. Sulfa elixir was accepted as a cure-all for a while; when its full effects were realized, the drug laws of the United States were reformed as a consequence. X-rays were performed for every imaginable purpose in the belief that there could be no such thing as too much diagnosis; then the National Academy of Sciences in 1956 reported that X-rays were a greater immediate peril to health and life than any other form of radiation, and the use of X-rays dropped sharply almost overnight. Antibiotics worked wonders against some of man's toughest competitors among the bacteria; but overuse of antibiotics in a shotgun type of therapy alien to modern medicine brought the removal of the antibiotics division director of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration only a few years back, and today the medical profession exhorts its members continually to guard against the undesirable side effects of antibiotics.

Adequate protection of children's

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teeth against decay is not at issue. Such protection can be provided without indiscriminately dosing people of robust and frail health alike with fluoride. To pay out public moneys to fluoridate public drinking water and then pay out more public moneys to de-fluoridate water used in hospitals is hardly an exercise in economy when it is possible to confer fluoride's tooth decay inhibiting benefits on children who need it by simply adding fluoride pills to drinking water in the children's homes. USPHS could subsidize purchase and distribution of the pills. According to one of four letters on the subject published last January in *Science*, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the pills would cost only a fraction of the sums spent in fluoridating the water of a city. To repeat another observation made here five years ago:

> A possible danger in the continuing effort of the U.S. Public Health Service to fluoridate public drinking water is that it runs counter to the personal responsibility of the citizen.
>
> —JOHN LEAR.

Biography of a Bandwagon

By MICHAEL WOLLAN

PROBABLY no issue of science and public policy has involved as much emotional fervor as fluoridation of public drinking water. More than 900 referendums on fluoridation have been held in the United States since 1950, and nearly every one has taken place in an atmosphere filled with irrational charges and countercharges. Almost twenty years after the major American dental and medical organizations accepted fluoridation, public health officials in such cities as New York, Detroit, and Los Angeles are still faced with strong, articulate opposition to it.

Decay-resisting effects of chemical compounds of fluorides were discovered in the 1930s, and by 1940 some scientists and public health officials were urging local communities to add fluorides to their drinking water supplies. But not until the United States Public Health Service endorsed fluoridation as a safe, effective method of combating tooth decay in 1950 did many towns adopt it.

In 1944, the Federal Security Agency held hearings to determine what tolerances should be set for fluoride residues from spraying agricultural products. In the course of the hearings, the possibility of adding fluorides to public water supplies was also debated. H. Trendley Dean of the Public Health Service, who had been in charge of PHS studies of fluorides and dental health since the early 1930s, testified that he had already begun investigations of the effects of fluorides occurring *naturally* in water supplies of many towns in the Southwest to find out what fluoride levels were potentially harmful. Dean told the hearing that water containing eight parts per million (ppm) fluoride in Bartlett, Texas, produced several minor changes in bone structure, nails, pelvis, and lumbar spine, but that these were "a matter of small importance as to public health." Dean added that hundreds of thousands of people had been drinking *naturally* fluoridated water for many years in this country and that the PHS had no reports of fluoride poisoning. Thus the PHS was considering the possibility that *artificially* fluoridated water, containing about 1 ppm fluoride, might be a method of combating tooth decay that would not result in any ill-effects.

SOME other scientists testifying at the 1944 hearings were more skeptical about the consequences of fluoridating water. A University of Chicago physiologist pointed out that physical harm would often be difficult to detect. "You have to do tremendous damage, because of compensatory repair," he said, "before you can get evidence of injury. However, the injury process undoubtedly goes on." Others testified that statistical epidemiological surveys such as the ones the PHS conducted in the Southwest might be misleading, since people would react differently to fluorides, just as they would react differently to any drug. A third witness warned against analogizing experience with natural fluoridation to artificial fluoridation. He noted that other minerals in the naturally fluoridated water could reduce the likelihood of harm by combining with the fluorides to form compounds that pass through the body instead of being deposited in the bone structure.

Despite their general belief that artificial fluoridation at the 1 ppm level probably would be completely safe, PHS officials in the early 1940s were unwilling to recommend that communities begin adding fluorides to drinking water. They felt that within a few years more conclusive results of research would provide them with an even stronger case for fluoridation, and would answer any remaining questions about physical or dental effects. In particular, the PHS in 1945 began two experimental projects in conjunction with state public health officers in New York and Michigan. In each state two cities were chosen, one to be fluoridated artificially, and the other to serve as a control. The experiments were designed to last ten years; then the PHS would re-evaluate its position.

Energetic public health officers in Wisconsin, however, were not willing to wait for this research to be completed. They were actively engaged in a campaign to bring about an early PHS endorsement of fluoridation. Since 1941 Wisconsin cities had been accepting it, primarily as a result of the persuasive efforts of the state dental society and two of its members, Dr. Francis A. Bull of the state Board of Health and Dr. John Frisch, a Madison dentist. After the PHS demonstration projects in New York and Michigan were under way, Frisch and Bull launched a remarkably intense nationwide effort to obtain a PHS endorsement of fluoridation before the ten-year period passed. They crisscrossed the country attempting to persuade dentists and community leaders of the benefits of fluoridation.

By 1950 Frisch and Bull were beginning to reap results. Early data from the Michigan demonstration project were leaking out through the University of Michigan Dental School, which supervised the project. Figures revealed definite reductions in the incidence of tooth decay. Frisch publicized these statistics, and argued that now the benefits of artificial fluoridation had been proved. Any delay in introducing mass fluoridation, he contended, would no longer be justified. Privately, Frisch and Bull told the Public Health Service that they had bet-

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Michael Wollan was a research associate in the Program in Law, Science, and Technology at the National Law Center, George Washington University, when he died in an accident last August. The text above is taken from a longer study, "Controlling the Potential Hazards of Government-Sponsored Technology," published in and copyright © 1968 by *The George Washington Law Review*. Reproduced by special permission.

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ter get on the fluoridation bandwagon if they did not want their image as leaders in public health to be tarnished.

In addition, by 1950 influential state dental health officers were taking positions in favor of fluoridation. On May 8, David Ast, New York's director of dental health, sent a memo to his regional health directors offering state aid to local communities wishing to fluoridate.

The climax of the mounting pressure for fluoridation came in late May 1950 at the annual meeting of state and territorial dental health officers in Washington. Dr. Bull once again buttonholed every major Public Health Service official attending the conference. In particular, he concentrated on Dr. Bruce Forsyth, assistant surgeon general and chief dental officer for the PHS. Bull drew Forsyth aside and told him he was "being made a sap out of," because before long the PHS would be the only major health organization refusing to endorse fluoridation. Forsyth agreed to attend a private meeting of four state dental directors, plus Dr. H. Trendley Dean and Dean's assistant, Dr. Francis Arnold. The four directors were Bull, David Ast of New York, Edward Taylor of Texas, and Robert Downs of Colorado, who had briefed each other carefully in preparation for the encounter with Forsyth, Dean, and Arnold.

At the meeting Dean argued that since the New York and Michigan studies were only half completed, it was still not time for the PHS to take a position. When several days passed without the PHS endorsing fluoridation, Bull assumed that the Dean view had prevailed. Within the PHS, however, the debate was still going on. Although Dean stuck to his original position, Forsyth and Surgeon General Leonard Scheele were becoming convinced that it was time for the PHS to back fluoridation. Finally, Forsyth and Scheele, as the nation's top-ranking public health officers, either formally overruled Dean or informed him that they were about to endorse fluoridation, with or without him. On June 1, 1950, came the announcement from the PHS that "Communities desiring to fluoridate their communal water supplies should be strongly encouraged to do so."

There was a strong feeling in the Public Health Service in 1950 that because of the prevalence of tooth decay among children and adults in the United States, public health measures should be taken as quickly as possible to reduce the incidence of decay. The PHS believed that the experience with naturally fluoridated water supplies, plus the preliminary results of the Michigan and New York studies, justified its conclusion that fluoridation was a safe, effective answer to the problem. Eighteen months later, however, at hearings on chemicals in foods and cosmetics, conducted by the U.S. House of Representatives Select Committee to Investigate the Use of Chemicals in Food Products, evidence was presented which indicated that a number of questions had not been thoroughly explored by the PHS before its endorsement of fluoridation. For instance, while physical examinations were performed on children in the Michigan and New York projects in order to detect possible adverse effects of artificial fluoridation, no such examinations were performed on adults in the selected communities. Other points overlooked by the PHS and brought out at the hearings included:

1) Dr. John Knudson of the PHS admitted that the studies had never specifically gone into the question of the possible effect of the addition of artificial fluorides to water on children who are suffering from malnutrition. Yet, the February 1952 issue of the *Journal of the American Dental Association* had warned that "low levels of fluoride ingestion which are generally considered to be safe for the general population may not be safe for malnourished infants and children, because of disturbances in calcium metabolism."

2) Dr. Isador Zipkin of the PHS admitted that although they had performed chronic toxicity studies of the effects of fluoride on rats, a procedure recognized by a number of authorities as necessary before any chemicals are inserted in a food product, such tests were not completed until at least a year after the PHS formally endorsed fluoridation.

3) The PHS went ahead with its endorsement although a June 1950 report on the New York demonstration project concluded that "a longer period of observation is required before final conclusions can be drawn. The possibility of demonstrating cumulative effects of fluoride in the final years of the ten-year study cannot be eliminated at this time."

4) The possibility of carcinogenic characteristics of fluorides was not investigated by the PHS.

5) Congressman A. L. Miller asked a representative of the National Cancer Institute if any experiments had been or now were "being carried on as to ill-effects in pregnant women and in people with chronic diseases, that is the older people. . . . " The NCI official said he knew of none. Dr. Dean of the PHS added: "I don't know of any experiments being conducted along that line."

6) No attention was given to legal questions which might be raised by fluoridation. The possibility that some individuals might consider fluoridation of water a violation of their civil liberties, or that some religious groups might oppose fluoridation as an abridgment of their First Amendment rights, apparently played no role in the PHS decision.

ON the basis of this evidence, the Select Committee concluded that:

> . . . a sufficient number of unanswered questions concerning the safety of this program exists as to warrant a conservative attitude. The committee believes that if communities are to make a mistake in reaching a decision on whether to fluoridate their public drinking water, it is preferable to err on the side of caution . . . since there are reasonable alternatives to fluoridating the public water supply, even if these alternatives are not quite as effective. The topical application of fluorides to the teeth of children may be more cumbersome, and perhaps more expensive, than the simple addition of fluoride to drinking water. Nevertheless, it is a feasible program, and one which will provide comparable protection for children's teeth for the period needed to acquire evidence beyond a reasonable doubt that no hazard exists to any portion of the population by reason of the addition of fluorides to drinking water.

The committee strongly urged that

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research be continued "to determine the long-range effects upon the aged and chronically ill of the ingestion of water containing inorganic fluorides." Thus, the committee in effect said that the Public Health Service had issued a premature endorsement of fluoridation as a completely safe public health measure.

Why did the PHS give its unqualified support to fluoridation before several important medical and legal issues had been thoroughly explored? There are two basic reasons. First, the campaign directed by Drs. Frisch and Bull succeeded in generating significant pressure in dental and public health circles for fluoridation. Because of their general concern about public health issues, and particularly the problem of tooth decay, the officials responsible for PHS policy with respect to fluoridation – Surgeon General Scheele, Dr. Bruce Forsyth, and Dr. Dean—were receptive to the growing demand for support of fluoridation.

SECOND, the Public Health Service was not as likely to be as skeptical in its investigation of the effects of a chemical or drug as an agency such as the Food and Drug Administration, whose primary mission is to test for safety of chemicals and drugs. Since its creation in 1798, the PHS has been entrusted with the responsibility for *introducing* new concepts in public health and for *promoting* public health measures. Its main emphasis, therefore, has been on the prospective *benefits* of scientific research, and this was clearly revealed in its fluoridation studies of the 1940s. The experimental projects begun in 1945 in New York and Michigan had as their real purpose the investigation of whether artificial fluoridation would have the same anti-cariogenic effects observed in naturally fluoridated areas. Thus, while thorough physical and dental examinations were performed on children in the selected communities, adults were ignored because the PHS knew from its previous research that the benefits of fluoridation would only be observed in children. The PHS was aware of and concerned about possible adverse medical consequences of fluoridation, but its primary interest in confirming the benefits of fluoridation easily created a situation in which the issues brought out by the Select Committee in 1952 were not rigorously researched, particularly when the limited studies undertaken in naturally fluoridated areas had not yielded cases of serious physical harm.

The dual responsibility to produce a cure for tooth decay and to test its safety placed the PHS in a very difficult position during the early struggles over fluoridation in the 1940s. Suppose that the Food and Drug Administration were charged not only with testing the safety of drugs, but with inventing and developing drugs which the medical profession depends upon to perform its responsibilities. The FDA would often be faced with a basic conflict of roles that would undoubtedly limit its ability to assess the impact of drugs thoroughly and objectively. Likewise, the PHS in the case of fluoridation was hampered in its assessment functions by the need to perfect, as quickly as possible, a method of eliminating tooth decay. The result was that, while some questions concerning the safety of fluoridation were answered before the PHS endorsement, others, primarily questions of long-term effects, were not.

The assessment process for fluoridation which the Public Health Service has followed in the past eighteen years is both symbolic and significant. The task of continuing assessment has been complicated by the irrational charges and attacks that have come from many opponents of fluoridation. Appeals to fear characterize the speeches and pamphlets frequently used by anti-fluoridationists to persuade people to oppose fluoridation. These tactics have lessened the likelihood that more rational critiques of fluoridation will be evaluated objectively and have given the PHS the added burden of distinguishing between reasonable and ridiculous criticism.

After the PHS announced its support of fluoridation, the American Dental Association, the American Medical Association, and other major scientific and health organizations soon moved to endorse it, using PHS studies and research as the bases for their conclusions. The PHS announcement also spurred the introduction of fluoridation in numerous parts of the country. One year before the PHS endorsed fluoridation, 1,000,000 Americans were drinking fluoridated water. A year after the endorsement, 5,000,000 were drinking it.

Once the decision to endorse fluoridation was made, the PHS became actively involved in its promotion. The tone of PHS support was set in June 1951 at the Fourth Annual Conference of State Dental Directors with the PHS and the Children's Bureau in Washington. PHS spokesmen outlined a program designed to persuade city officials, doctors, dentists, and laymen to begin fluoridating their water supplies. Descriptions were given about how to allay people's fears about fluoridation: "[N]ever use the term artificial fluoridation; there is something about that term that means a phony. We call it 'controlled fluoridation.'" An organizational framework for a fluoridation campaign was suggested: "You come out with a resolution from your county or local medical organization. You do the same thing with your local board of health. In many places the next thing to do is to go before lay groups, service clubs, PTAs, and always invite the public officials, watermen, aldermen, mayors, anybody you can get." And a strategy was recommended: "If you can, . . . keep fluoridation from going to a referendum." Since this conference, the PHS has continued to be a major promoter of fluoridation, through preparation and distribution of materials, storage of information, and education of doctors, dentists, and local public health officials.

At the same time, the PHS has experimented on the medical and dental effects of fluoridation. The ten-year projects in New York and Michigan were completed, and various analyses were made of people who had been drinking naturally fluoridated water all their lives. No serious physical defects were observed. Reports of adverse physical effects of fluoridation do appear periodically, however, in the scientific literature, and although most scientists as well as doctors and dentists seem to accept the PHS verdict on fluoridation, there is disagreement. A number of prominent scientists have argued that more ought to be known about the long-term consequences of drinking fluoridated water before people drink it daily. . . .

The ability of the PHS to offer a balanced assessment is limited by the strong public commitment to fluoridation it has voiced since 1950. Two particular kinds of limitations have been noticeable.

1) The agency has not investigated as thoroughly as possible the results of research that might cast doubt on the wisdom of PHS support of fluoridation. For instance, an important element in the case developed by the PHS in 1950 for the safety of fluoridation was the calculation of a normal adult's daily total intake of fluoride, compared with the daily intake that might possibly lead to harmful results. PHS scientists told the Delaney committee that their studies had shown that an adult living in a fluoridated community ordinarily consumed about 1.3 milligram of fluoride each day. Since other PHS research indicated that 4 to 5 mg "may be the limits of fluoride which may be ingested daily without an appreciable hazard," the agency concluded that fluoridation contained an acceptable safety factor. In 1966, however, scientists at the National Research Council of Canada published a study indicating that the individual's total intake of fluoride in a fluoridated community will now vary from 2 to 5 mg. Laborers who

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work outdoors in hot weather "undoubtedly" will get more than 5 mg, the authors said, because they drink much more water. The increased levels were attributed to changes in recent years in the amounts of fluorides in foods and beverages which are part of a normal diet.

Instead of sponsoring further studies to confirm or deny the Canadian reports, the PHS responded by dismissing them rather disdainfully.

2) The PHS also has adopted an aggressively defensive attitude toward critics of fluoridation, which tends to discourage meaningful exchanges of views on the subject. For instance, Public Health Service scientists have refused to publicly discuss or debate with scientists who are critical of fluoridation the scientific merits of the PHS position.

Moreover, the PHS attitude has occasionally led it to take action fostering a charged atmosphere in which objective evaluation of fluoridation is difficult. For example, when the American Society for Fluoride Research held its first meeting in September 1966 several well known anti-fluoridationists were openly associated with the group. Although presentations were made by pro-fluoridationists, anti-fluoridationists, and scientists not committed to either view, the PHS feared that the conference might receive publicity which would influence an impending referendum in Detroit on fluoridation. PHS therefore successfully urged the American Dental Association headquarters in Chicago and Detroit to release a statement charging that the ASFR "is only a sounding board for fluoride opponents."

The PHS took similar steps in the Fall of 1967 with respect to an organization called the International Society for the Study of Nutrition and Vital Substances, a European-based group that passed a resolution opposing fluoridation. When several American opponents of fluoridation learned of the Society's resolution, they formed a committee to distribute it in this country. The PHS, learning of the American committee's activities, hastily issued a statement claiming that American anti-fluoridationists had infiltrated an international society, pushed through a resolution condemning fluoridation, and were now using it for their own purposes in the United States. Later the PHS learned that the American committee was formed long after the resolution had been passed, and that none of the committee members had anything to do with the drafting or passage of the resolution, and therefore issued a revised statement. Nevertheless, this case and the case of the ASFR indicate that the strength of its commitment to fluoridation can prompt the PHS to take hasty action that compromises its ability to provide a detached assessment.

Letters to the Science Editor

Abortion Law Reform

HALF-TRUTH AND ERROR abound in Dr. Robert E. Hall's abortion article, "His Birth Without Permission" [*SR*, Dec. 7]. He asserts that until recently abortion was not proscribed by religion or law. He states that the Roman Catholic church did not equate abortion with murder until 1869.

Not true. Mainstream theologians have long regarded killing an unborn child as murder. However, until recently there was doubt about exactly when human life began because science had no tools to pinpoint this. "Quickening," a meaningless phrase today, once was the measure of an unborn's humanity. At that moment, when the child first visibly moved inside his mother, we were sure that independent life existed. As science has yielded answers, our own evaluation of when life begins has been pushed back to the point of conception.

The fetus not human? What is it then? In the same issue, you printed a picture of an eight-week-old fetus sucking its thumb! You published extracts from a new book, *The Person in the Womb*! At the instant of conception, genetically everything that is needed for the whole man is present. Only time and development are lacking, the very same components which change a newborn child into an octogenarian. Life is a continuum, beginning at conception and ending at death.

Dr. Hall claims that "legally, the fetus is not a human being either. It cannot inherit, it cannot sue. . . ." Whose legal briefs has he been reading? The files abound with cases where unborn children have been accorded full legal status. They have inheritance rights, property rights, can sue for damages suffered *in utero*, and can be party before birth to a suit for non-support of the father.

Dr. Hall's use of statistics is devious, to put it politely. He quotes a 1965 survey to show that 73 per cent polled would approve abortion for "health." He fails to add the poll also showed only 21 per cent favor abortion on economic grounds, the most common reason they are sought; only 18 per cent approve for out-of-wedlock pregnancy, and only 15 per cent for married women who don't want another child.

He states that 90 per cent of psychiatrists favor a liberalized code, yet neglects to mention that only 23 per cent believe in abortion on demand—the very position he is pushing!

Dr. Hall claims that only the Catholic church opposes abortion. The above statistics alone invalidate that claim. Here in our state, the New Jersey Rabbinic Council (Orthodox) has issued a policy statement stating, "The only condition under which this right [the unborn child's right to life] may be denied is when it threatens the life of another, namely the mother."

The Anglican Bishops of Australia recently issued a joint statement with Catholic Bishops denouncing abortion as "the indiscriminate slaughter of human beings . . . an attempt to find a way out of personal and social problems for which our society ought to be finding other solutions." Leading Protestant theologians, Dr. Paul Ramsey of Princeton University and the Rev. Charles Carroll of the California Anglican episcopacy, have vociferously opposed abortion liberalization.

Dr. Hall asks what right any "minority group" has to impose its will on the majority. I say: Abortion goes beyond private morality to the public good and the social responsibility to protect life which cannot protect itself. And if the majority rule argument were to be applied to the race question, would there be a civil rights law today?

One final comment: Arthur Peck, M.D., of Mt Sinai Hospital Institute of Psychiatry, recently wrote in the *American Journal of Psychiatry*: "Medical education, emphasizing the physician's role in aiding life and health and postponing death, gives rise to serious conflicts within the physician who is confronted with a woman's request to be aborted. That an obstetrician, having chosen to specialize in helping babies to be born, should be the very physician expected to perform abortions is a situation in which serious conflict is unavoidable." Think that over, Dr. Hall.

VALERIE R. DILLON,
Press Secretary,
Respect for Life Committee,
East Brunswick, N.J.

Dr. Hall Replies

MRS. DILLON HAS selected a few specific facts from my article and attempted to disprove them with vague generalizations and isolated exceptions—all with a polemic overtone that hardly befits the subject or the forum of its airing.

It is a *fact*, for example, that abortion was punished on a par with murder under Pope Sixtus V in 1588, but this penalty (automatic excommunication) was abandoned three years later under Pope Gregory XIV and not renewed until 1869, by Pope Pius IX. Granted, some theologians have disagreed with the Papal position, but I was referring to canon law, not to individual theologians who took exception to this law.

I would grant, too, that "life is a continuum, beginning at conception and ending at death," but this does not mean that the fetus is a human being any more than an acorn is an oak. The fetus, most contend, is a *potential* human being. Science has yielded genetic knowledge about the egg, but no one has yet taught an egg to breathe.

It is also a *fact* that a fetus can never inherit and in most states cannot sue—unless it is born alive, and then it is no longer a fetus. Of course a *child* can sue.

It is a *fact* that all of the polls on abortion reveal that the majority want reform. This I stated in the context of my discussion of the new reform laws. Granted, only a minority at present want abortion on demand; I do not purport to be among the majority on this point. Ultimately, however, I will be—when it is realized that these initial attempts at reform do not solve the basic problem.

It is a *fact*, as I wrote, that "abortion for

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the reasons proposed by the American Law Institute is sanctioned by most major non-Catholic religious groups." It is also a fact, as Mrs. Dillon implies that I wrote, that "only the Catholic church" vociferously "opposes abortion" (the "vociferously" added for greater accuracy), as suggested in part by the origin of her letter. Granted, there are rare Anglican and Jewish exceptions to this in Australia and New Jersey, as she points out, but there is also a growing number of Catholic priests who support abortion reform.

It is a *fact*, as Mrs. Dillon then proceeds rather magically to acknowledge, that a "minority group" (specifically, a minor but very vociferous segment of the Catholic church) is attempting, in the role of brother's keeper, to impose its will on the rest of us. As for her unfortunate civil rights analogy, I, too, marched from Selma to Montgomery, but I did so in order to help prove that the majority stood behind this cause, too.

Finally I am asked, glibly, to think over a psychiatrist's observation that performing an abortion can give rise to conflict in an obstetrician's mind. Yes, Mrs. Dillon, I have thought this over—very seriously. And as an obstetrician who has performed many hospital abortions, I can attest to the validity of this observation. But the conflict does not arise from guilt over the absolute evil of destroying another human being; it comes from regret over having to interrupt the growth of a potential human being in order to preserve the well being of a living woman and her family.

ROBERT E. HALL, M.D.,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since Dr. Hall's article was published in these pages, the governing council of the American Public Health Association has endorsed legalized abortions without exceptions. The council expressed its view in a resolution urging repeal of all laws presently in force that declare abortion a crime.*

Church and State

DR. ROBERT E. HALL'S otherwise admirable article, "His Birth Without Permission" [*SR*, Dec. 7], was marred by an unfortunate reference to a defiance of the "fundamental separation of Church and State." While I hold no brief for the stand of the Catholic church on abortion, this stand has nothing to do with the Constitutional principle of separation of Church and State. That principle refers only to the intent of our founding fathers to prevent an "established" church; that is, one receiving support and approval from the Government. Any church may take a stand on a social issue; no violation of a Constitutional principle has occurred just because the public is influenced thereby.

H. N. MENG,
Bethesda, Maryland

Superconduction

IN HIS monthly commentaries on science [*SR*, Jan. 4], John Lear mentioned a superconducting alloy of niobium, aluminum, and germanium. He indicated that the transition temperature (at which superconduction begins) of this alloy is 439 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, or about 12 degrees Kelvin. Liquid hydrogen has a boiling point above 20 degrees K. This means the alloy of niobium, aluminum, and germanium would superconduct at about 10 degrees below the boiling point.

DONALD STEARNS,
Department of Physics,
Alma College,
Alma, Michigan.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor thanks Mr. Stearns for calling attention to an error in calculation. Bell Labs new niobium-aluminum-germanium alloy superconducts at a temperature of 20.7 degrees Kelvin, or*

422.46 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. The boiling point of hydrogen is about 20 degrees K, or—423.72 degrees F. Liquid hydrogen, then, will absorb 1.26 F degrees of heat more than must be removed from the environment in order to bring the alloy to the superconducting state. This cushion of cold is quite adequate for the job.

Origin of Radar

JOHN LEAR'S article, "Mr. Nixon and the New Era of Science" [*SR*, Jan. 4], states that the Radiation Laboratory of Massachusetts Institute of Technology "conceived, designed, and put together the radars that won World War II" and that "Radlab radars stopped the Luftwaffe bomber and missile attacks on England."

These statements are somewhat misleading. Although American, British, and German scientists had begun developing radar at about the same time, the British had carried it further by 1940. The British radar stations were ready in time for the Battle of Britain.

In August 1940, Sir Henry Tizard, who chaired the committee which guided the development of the British radar system, led a mission to the U.S.A. for the exchange of technical information. He carried with him the cavity magnetron which was invented by Randall and Boot in Oliphant's laboratory at Birmingham, England, and was the key to the development of the allied radar program.

D. J. BURNS,
Associate Professor,
Dept. of Mechanical Engineering,
University of Waterloo,
Waterloo, Ontario, Canada.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *True, Britain's cavity magnetron was what MIT's radiation laboratory began with. But if that alone would have solved the defense problem, the famous Tizard mission to the United States would have been unnecessary.*

The Pill

DR. LOUIS LASAGNA'S ARTICLE, "Caution on the Pill" [*SR*, Nov 2], is salutary in stressing some possible long-term dangers to life and health from oral contraception.

We in Planned Parenthood are deeply concerned also. Our standards of affiliation require every Planned Parenthood Center to give careful medical examinations to all patients and to maintain medical histories as well as to provide follow-up examinations from three to six months each year. We encourage and cooperate with wide-ranging research on possible adverse effects and utilize the findings to protect the safety of contraceptive patients. It is therefore certainly somewhat irresponsible of Dr. Lasagna to quote our president, Alan F. Guttmacher, M.D., out of context as seeing "a complete green light" so far as the pill is concerned.

This is but one of several innuendos in the article reiterating Dr. Lasagna's long-standing bias against oral contraceptives. He does not distinguish between competent research and one-man reports, and the result offsets what value his writing might have had in alerting patients to known facts. A few examples:

> The implication that the longer one is on the pill, the greater the risk of thromboembolism—a charge not supported by any research.
>
> A statement that there is "convincing confirmation" that the pill causes liver disease in young women. There has been no such confirmation.
>
> The use of anecdotal horror stories (gangrene of the intestine, for example) without any back-up evidence, research, or controls, covered only by the vague disclaimer "it has been reported that. . . ."

Statistics show that deaths in pregnancy and labor are seventeen to eighteen times more numerous than those from thromboembolism among pill users. Moreover, it has been demonstrated conclusively, contrary to Dr. Lasagna's assertions, that the pill provides the greatest protection against pregnancy; all other methods carry higher risk of unwanted pregnancy, and the total risk of death through such pregnancies far exceeds the risk of death from thromboembolism with oral contraception.

Family planning is now a recognized component of good maternal and infant medical care. Diaphragm, condom, and such methods as foam have been available for years. But it was never possible to develop large-scale programs permitting millions to space their children until oral contraception became available. With the development of

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broad-scale programs, tens of thousands of medically indigent women who come to clinics for the pill, simultaneously receive their first introduction to modern medicine and a medical examination, including, of course, Pap smears and breast check-ups. Referrals for other medical care, as needed, are part of the everyday routine.

This does not mean that the pill is as "safe as water," a straw man statement by Dr. Lasagna which I have never heard from a responsible physician, in or out of Planned Parenthood. Present methods are not yet perfect. Planned Parenthood doctors carefully check all pill patients so they may be protected and we may learn more about long-term effects. This should be standard procedure wherever the pill is administered.

But the most urgent need is to focus the public's attention on the necessity for greatly expanded research to find a contraceptive free of even the minimal risks found in the pill. If pharmaceutical companies are not able to push into new frontiers of contraceptive methodology, clearly the Government has a responsibility to mount major programs of investigation. Dr. Lasagna's pen would better protect patients if directed to this end.

Finally, Dr. Lasagna says, it would be "ethically and morally wrong to take the decision out of a patient's hands" by assuring her "that these powerful chemicals are completely free of risk." We certainly agree. But is it "ethically and morally" right to deprive a patient of the most effective protection against pregnancy by raising unfounded fears and misleading her about the efficiency of such low-rated methods as a diaphragm and the condom?

GEORGE LANGMYLER, M.D.,
Medical Director,
Planned Parenthood-World Population,
New York, N.Y.

Dr. Lasagna Replies

DR. GEORGE LANGMYLER, who finds me guilty of innuendo, obviously has his own basis for making value judgments about medical reporting. He is "deeply concerned" while I am only guilty of "long-standing bias." I certainly had no intention of quoting Dr. Guttmacher, a distinguished physician, "out of context." I simply repeated a remark of his to the effect that an FDA report about the pill constituted "a complete green light." If Dr. Guttmacher has reservations about the report, I am delighted.

Dr. Langmyler feels that I do not distinguish between "competent research and one-man reports." In fact, I wish there were more competent research in this field, which is characterized by a singular insensitivity to the modern principles of drug trials. Some of us have been hoping for years that groups like the Planned Parenthood Centers would conduct the badly needed prospective studies to provide the accurate quantification that is still lacking today. One must not, however, underestimate the importance of "one-man reports." This is the way major side effects from drugs have always been first discovered (including the mischief caused by thalidomide).

I have never stated or implied that the risks of thromboembolism are greater the longer one is on the pill, and I cannot understand what in the article led Dr. Langmyler to this conclusion. In the opinion of many experts, there is unequivocal evidence that the pill can cause jaundice and liver dysfunction. Significant liver toxicity is certainly not common, but to deny that it exists is an untenable position. Deaths and disability from the pill constitute "horror" indeed (as anyone can testify who has ever had occasion to treat such patients), which is why responsible medical editors publish such case reports. (Fatal gangrene of the gut from the pill has just been reported again in the distinguished *New England Journal of Medicine.*) The statement about the relative risks of thromboembolism during pregnancy and labor as opposed to the risks experienced by pill users is unjustified. No thoroughly reliable data are as yet available to quantify this latter risk; it is only clear that *some* risk exists. (One will also have to adjust the figures for the fact that pregnancy and labor usually occur just a few times during the average woman's life, whereas any risk from the pill will continue as long as the pill is taken, i.e., possibly for several decades.)

My statement about the relative efficacy of condoms and diaphragms must stand. Properly and consistently used, such mechanical devices are quite reliable, and they can be used without worries about their immediate and long-range effects.

If Dr. Langmyler has never heard a "responsible physician" deny that the pill causes side effects, he leads a cloistered life. I have even heard the eminent Dr. John Rock deny that there could be significant harm from such medications, since they were merely "natural hormones." I suggest that Dr. Langmyler interview 100 private patients who are on the pill to see exactly what has been told to them by their physicians about the possibility of discomfort and danger. One journalist, who wrote a "scare" piece on the pill for a popular magazine, was prompted to do so when she contrasted the serious warnings in the package insert with the information she had been given by her private doctor about the pill.

Dr. Langmyler's suggestion as to how I might better spend my time falls strangely indeed on the ears of one who has spent almost two decades trying to develop new drugs both personally and by interactions with the academic world, the medical profession, the drug industry, and the federal government. I believe it possible and desirable to pursue this goal and public education simultaneously. Finally, I resent the suggestion that I am "raising unfounded fears" and "misleading" patients about the efficacy of certain contraceptive techniques. I continually try to describe the advantages and disadvantages of these various methods as honestly and scientifically as I can, revising my advice as new information accumulates. If Dr. Langmyler disagrees with me, he might ponder the possibility that he is the one in error. It is of interest that the Soviet Government has just ordered mass production of intrauterine contraceptive devices because of concern about the pill's hazards. The move doesn't prove my point, but it might be construed as lending support.

LOUIS LASAGNA, M.D.
Baltimore, Md.

*"To Louis Pasteur, a great humanitarian—
the man who kept beer from turning sour."*

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As Others See Us

Continued from page 44

in the level of scientific and technical development between the United States and its partners. —*Boris Orekhov, Pravda.*

STUTTGART:

West Germany's Nuclear Policy

THE NON-NUCLEAR STATES are clearly disadvantaged by the treaty; the already endangered European Nuclear Community could be left in the lurch and countries such as the Federal Republic have reason to be afraid regarding the future of their nuclear research. With the best will in the world, one cannot say that any sort of advantages are being given to Bonn with its signature. Since the Soviet Union regards German objections against the treaty as an indication of Bonn's *revanchist* policy, and more or less openly threatens intervention, the Federal Government is wise to seek with energy for binding assurances from the United States. —*Stuttgarter Zeitung.*

PEKING:

"The American Way of Life"

BOTH THE American and Soviet ways of life are decadent and of the same stuff as Khrushchev's goulash. The American Way of Life has long been discredited. Recently, on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the October revolution, the Soviet revisionist clique has energetically advertised what they call the "Soviet Way of Life." What a coincidence.

What kind of stuff is this "Soviet Way of Life?" *Pravda,* mouthpiece of the Soviet revisionist clique, has summed it up briefly as "Welfare in abundance achieved by the revolution for the entire people." So it turned out to be the same kind of stuff as Khrushchev's goulash.

Like the welfare state advertised by the United States, all this boastful talk about "welfare" is a fraud. Having carried out the counter-revolutionary restoration of capitalism in the Soviet Union, the Soviet revisionist clique has been serving the interests of the privileged bourgeois stratum by taking advantage of its power in appropriating the means of production. In the Soviet Union today, a wide gap exists between the rich and the poor and class polarization is accelerating. . . . Even an American bourgeois journal has not failed to note that the new bourgeoisie in Russia is growing fatter and fatter and that the object of their life is to possess and enjoy wealth. . . . Where is the difference between this "Soviet Way of Life" and the "American Way of Life"?—*Hsinhua.*

ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA:

Wishful Thinking

GEN. CREIGHTON ABRAMS, U.S. commander, has presented a sobering report to the Pentagon on prospects for the phased withdrawal of U.S. troops from South Vietnam. His survey, intended as a guide to the new Nixon Administration, stresses two facts: that U.S. logistical support, artillery, and air power remain essential for the effective operations of the improved and improving South Vietnam Army (the ARVN), and that the South Vietnam Army, even thus sustained, could hold its own alone only against the Vietcong unreinforced and unaided by the North Vietnam Army (NVA). There is serious concern in top U.S. military circles in Saigon at the growing evidence of loose talk and looser optimism in Washington over the practicability and imminence of a substantial U.S. withdrawal from South Vietnam. This wishful thinking has been promoted by expanding South Vietnam Army initiative and success in combat and consequent soaring improvement in morale. Admittedly North Vietnam units have also been withdrawn—although whether for refitting and reorganization or as a genuine gesture of de-escalation remains a speculative issue on which realistic U.S. military leaders prefer, with good reason, to remain skeptical.

—*Richard Hughes, The Adelaide Advertiser.*

ROME:

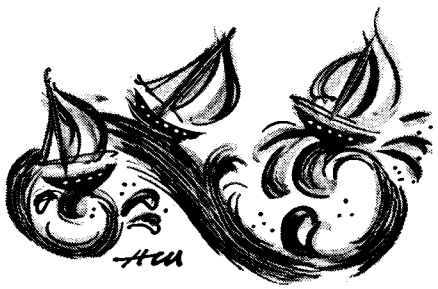
Fantastic Disneyland

WHEN I SAW Disneyland the first time it was a year old. Now, years later, it has grown like all of Disney's creations. . . . Founded by men of genius and great capacity, this colossal corporation lives a life of its own while following the tradition laid down by its creator. There are thousands of stockholders, directors, and managers. Yet none has the visage of a boss. They are anonymous in the truest sense of the word.

One can understand it in the auto or steel industries. But how can an industry made of nothing—of spirit, of charming illusion, of make believe, that produced a Snow White, a Mickey Mouse, a Donald Duck—be anonymous in this way? With planning, magnetic tape, and computers, they create laughs, smiles, terror and joy. . . . It's business and nothing else when it arrives at the corporate level. . . . Their slogans can be to advertise soda or the teachings of Mao. The difference is that whether one drinks Coke or Pepsi, he will survive, while in China if one does not drink the teachings of Mao he finds himself in a sea of trouble. Between the concentration camps of Siberia or China or Disneyland the choice should be easy. If we have to live with planning and programing, better that we be left smiling and cordial with that great benefactor of humanity who created Mickey Mouse and all those other little but grand characters.

—*Alberto Mondiri, Messaggero.*

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT



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Arms Race

Continued from page 16

military "trade offs," I am not suggesting neglect of our military forces, or anything short of full vigilance along the many points of pressure from hostile sources around the world. Equally, I do not entertain any naïve or wishful thoughts concerning the motives of Moscow and Peking. But there is no need for us to get "hung up" on their motives, or to attempt to adjust our policies to fluctuations in the "morality" of Communist behavior.

WE must concern ourselves with advancing our own interests and designs, paying careful attention to Soviet *behavior* (as opposed to its "morality"). The age is such that everyone's motives and purposes are being challenged, even ours. We need to use the whole range of political and diplomatic action open to us to preserve a climate of freedom in the world. We cannot allow the range of alternatives open to us to be limited by a concentration in nuclear weaponry if limitation compatible with security can be gained by negotiation. The nuclear age is such that it is now very much in our national interest to exert considerable energy and resources on programs that can influence the Soviet Union's behavior pattern in ways that help us too. Military competition is only one way of trying to do this, and in a nuclear world it has sharp limitations in terms of safety and efficacy. Mr. Nixon has spoken of "prerequisites and incentives." We must utilize every opportunity to give them real meaning, just as we must

WIT TWISTER #101

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The mouse's life with one _ _ _ _ _ _ _ closes.
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ pause upon their way.
Impaled on thorns among the roses
A _ _ _ _ _ _ _ has left its tiny prey.

(*Answer on page 64*)

Graciela

Graciela is a shy and timid three year old—a Chilean child. Her family, losing everything and terrorized by the recent earthquake, fled from its destruction and arrived in Santiago homeless. A struggling Protestant Day School, just affiliated with Children, Incorporated, noting their hunger and extreme need, let them occupy rent free a small wooden shack of one windowless room with a dirt floor. There are three beds for a family of seven but only one mattress and insufficient covering. TB germs lurk in the dust of summer and sticky mud of winter. The father, when he can secure work, makes about $30 a month. Graciela has been squeezed into the crowded day school which is trying to help her family.

Although the school manages to meet the Government's teaching standards, its buildings are flimsy, without electricity and in urgent need of repairs. 300 children are enrolled with 85 more approved for admission but money is lacking to accommodate them. Graciela, like the other children, exists under sub-human conditions. The lunch which the school tries to provide, is the nearest thing to a real meal cruel poverty permits to most of these children. Insufficient and improper food bloats their bodies and weakens and stunts their development.

Chile is a beautiful land with friendly people and bright, attractive children. But there are the Gracielas who have so pitifully little—they are "unfinished children". They have such potential. Their lives could be so changed if they could be helped even a little. They could blossom out into lovable, bright and capable youngsters. Graciela's life can be changed, like that of other similarly needy children, her whole future could be broadened and the worried look in her little face could disappear if she were sponsored under the CI "Adoption Plan". The cost of an "adoption" is the same as in all the CI projects around the world—$12 a month.

For Information Write: Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke or (Mrs.) Jeanne Clarke Wood

Children, Incorporated

Box 5381, Dept. SR-3, Richmond, Virginia 23220

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be clear as to what we want in return.

In evolving our strategic doctrine we need to assume that Soviet efforts in the nuclear weapons field are essentially reactions to what they see as a U.S. threat. Our policy ought to be one which allows adequately for this possibility. Dr. John Foster's words, quoted above, bear remembering.

Equally, we need not assume that the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia and its ultimatum to the German Federal

Republic may prove to be a one-time aberration from a gradually moderating approach in Eastern Europe. But it is in our interest to make allowance for this possibility.

In short, the task is to seek actively to shape the over-all strategic environment of the 1970s in ways that make possible, encourage, and enhance the kind of evolution in Soviet society and the kind of development of our own policy that are necessary for the long-term prospects for world peace.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 63: shriek, hikers, shrike.

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We Aren't Helpless

Continued from page 49

overcame all sorts of objections to form the Galion Trouble Clinic, an organization virtually insatiable in its appetite for doing good and righting wrongs; Benjamin Hanft, who fought for the right to keep his dog in a New York City apartment and in so doing became "the great emancipator of the American pet."

Mr. Kresh retells, too, the stories of such now celebrated people as Clarence Gideon, the convict who decided to write a letter to the U.S. Supreme Court, protesting the fact that he had not had legal counsel at his trial, and thus made legal history; Mrs. Rosa Parks of Montgomery, Alabama, who decided one day on a bus that she was not going to get up to make room for white passengers and thereby left Montgomery wondering just what had hit it; and, going further back into history, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Upton Sinclair, whose written words instigated vast changes.

The reader is not, however, likely to get very far into *The Power of the Unknown Citizen* before his attention is drawn to a persistent image: that of the True Believer, zealous, unyielding, jaw thrust defiantly forward, ready for battle. And that very image has, it is clear, also evidenced itself to Mr. Kresh. "Often enough," he writes, "the outspoken, activist citizen is something of a crank, something of a pest. . . ." He tells the story of those irritating conservationists who went to Bear Mountain Park near New York City for the purpose of tidying the place. They raked up truckloads of litter and posted signs reading "Leave Nothing But Footprints," "Clean Woodlands Are Your Responsibility." Writes Mr. Kresh: "I like my trees free of educational texts."

Nor is he very keen on demonstrations as a method of getting things done; they are, he asserts, subject to the law of diminishing returns. "After a while, the eye of the impartial beholder becomes immune to the pleas, the slogans, the sit-downers being carted off by the inevitable cops, the ugliness of partisans yelling like savages, and the brutality that leads less often to reform than to broken heads." No, Mr. Kresh's method is to write letters. He devotes, in fact, a whole chapter to just how it ought to be done, and—who knows?—maybe the time will come when people will feel, once again, that it's not entirely futile to fight their battles that way.

The fundamental question raised by Mr. Kresh's book, however, seems to me to be this: Just how much power does the individual, by himself, really have? Certainly at times he has plenty; at other times he seems to have very little. And Mr. Kresh himself explicitly acknowledges this when he turns to the role of the organization—"an amplifying system enabling the collective voice of many individuals with a common idea to be heard above the general hubbub of utterances competing for attention." This suggests at least a minor fallacy in the book's underpinnings. But I hope that doesn't keep Mr. Kresh's impressive and important theme from reaching large numbers of readers.

"Look, if I knew how to make money would I be sitting on a mountaintop all day?"

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(Continued from page 65)

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(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 67)

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By Thomas H. Middleton

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A. Name sometimes applied to the Lesser Antilles	10 15 18 29 70 116 124 127 147
B. Ramification	149 158 73 79 88 111 128 134 144 165 191 197
C. Strident	216 1 61 80 94 106 110
D. Unmanned naval weapon (2 wds.)	122 140 176 184 190 198 207 77
E. "Life is as tedious as a———," says the Dauphin. (comp. and wd., *King John*)	101 138 152 160 179 189 208 56 69 133 143 74 84
F. Objects, as coins, tools, etc., used by a teacher to illustrate everyday living	95 112 129 103 109 146
G. Popular Mexican culinary product	107 136 201 51 87 93 162 171 3
H. Greek philosopher (611-547 B.C.) who taught that the first principle is indestructible matter	32 35 42 210 6 58 71 153 180 192 98
I. Honey bunch (2 wds.)	119 139 193 199 5 11 17 174 182 203
J. Not harmed	209 213 7 20 34 43 81 97 125
K. O.K. in the U.K.	188 9 30 115 150 156
L. City, SW Honshu, where St. Francis Xavier established a mission in 1550	57 59 90 100 114 130 39 161 168
M. Unwary (2 wds.)	169 185 123 141 66 82 118 196
N. Celebrated	186 204 33 40 72 83
O. In a position for use (3 wds.)	91 151 155 202 212 4 19 63 85 200
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S. "Wilt, the Stilt", for instance	64 102 148 214 41
T. Railed	46 60 86 38 49 105 181 195 13
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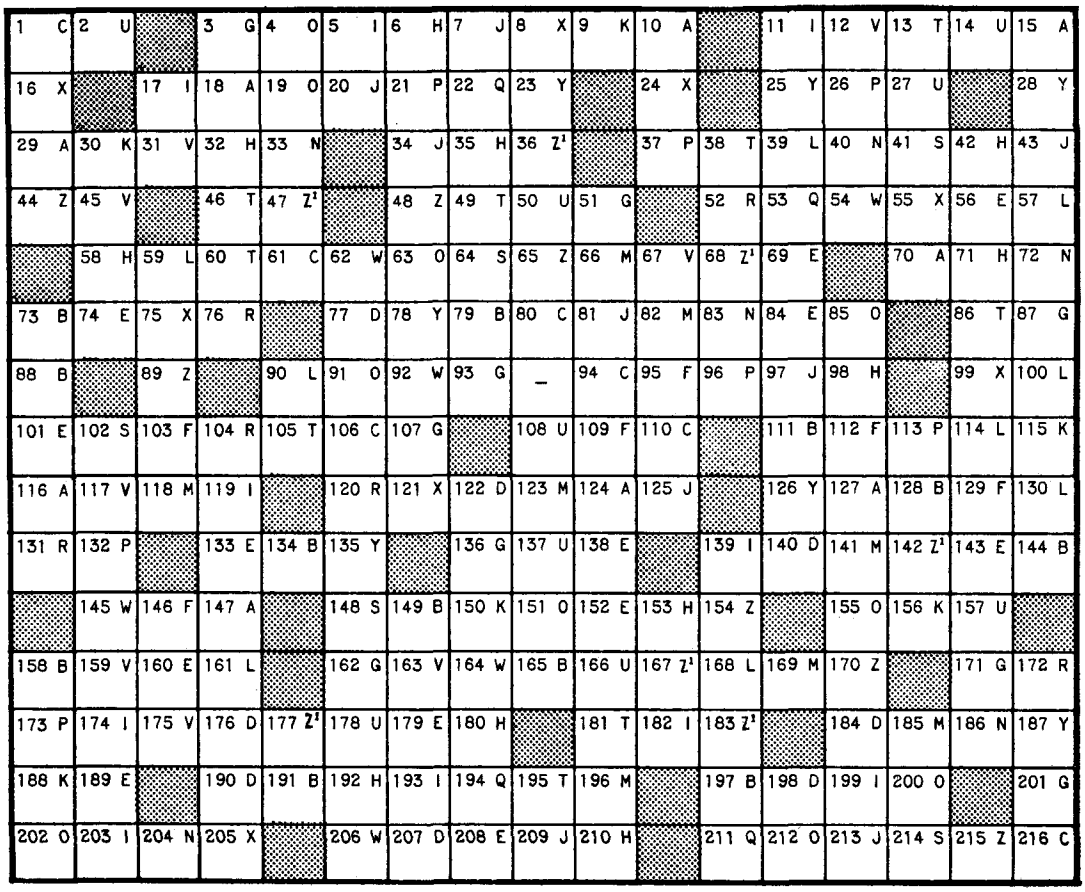
V. Adverse; improper	159 12 163 117 31 175 67 45
W. American chimney swallows, for instance	206 145 92 62 164 54
X. Scanty remuneration	205 121 55 8 24 16 99 75
Y. Not subjugated	78 25 126 187 28 135 23
Z. Former London prison	170 215 48 154 89 65 44
Z^1 Struck	183 142 177 167 47 68 36

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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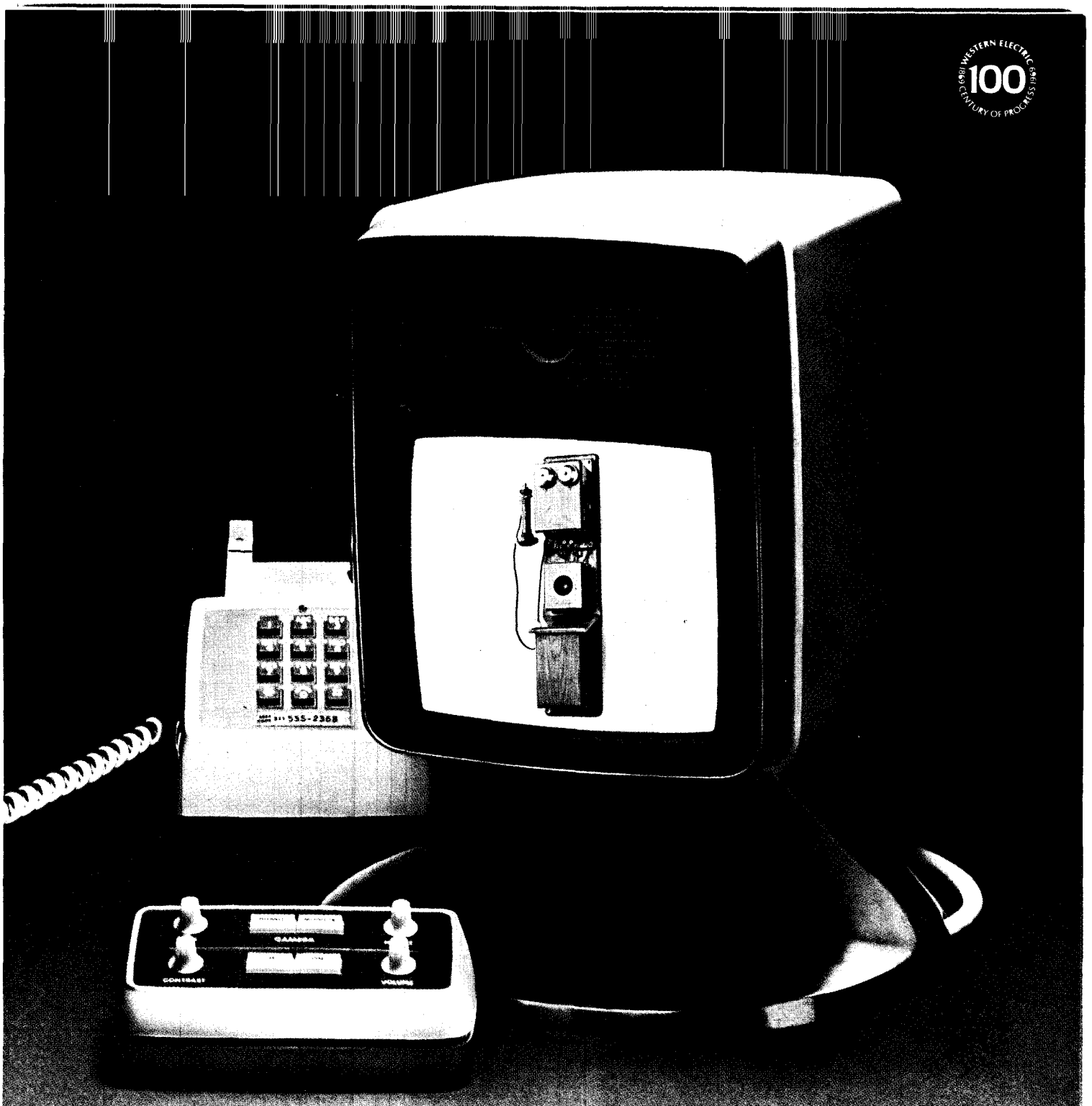

If we hadn't looked ahead...
...we wouldn't have anything to look back on.

Carrier pigeons and smoke signals were good ways to get the word around when Western Electric went into business just 100 years ago. And a loud shout was still the best carrier for the spoken word.

But before long, Mr. Bell's invention changed the world. Soon we were building telephones. Today, equipment made by Western Electric has helped make the Bell network the most advanced communication system in the world.

And inventions by engineers for Bell Labs and Western Electric are still changing things. The Picturephone® set above, is a phone of tomorrow being developed today. And we can't even picture what the phone will be like over the next 100 years.

We make Bell telephones.

But we've also made our share of communications history.

Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

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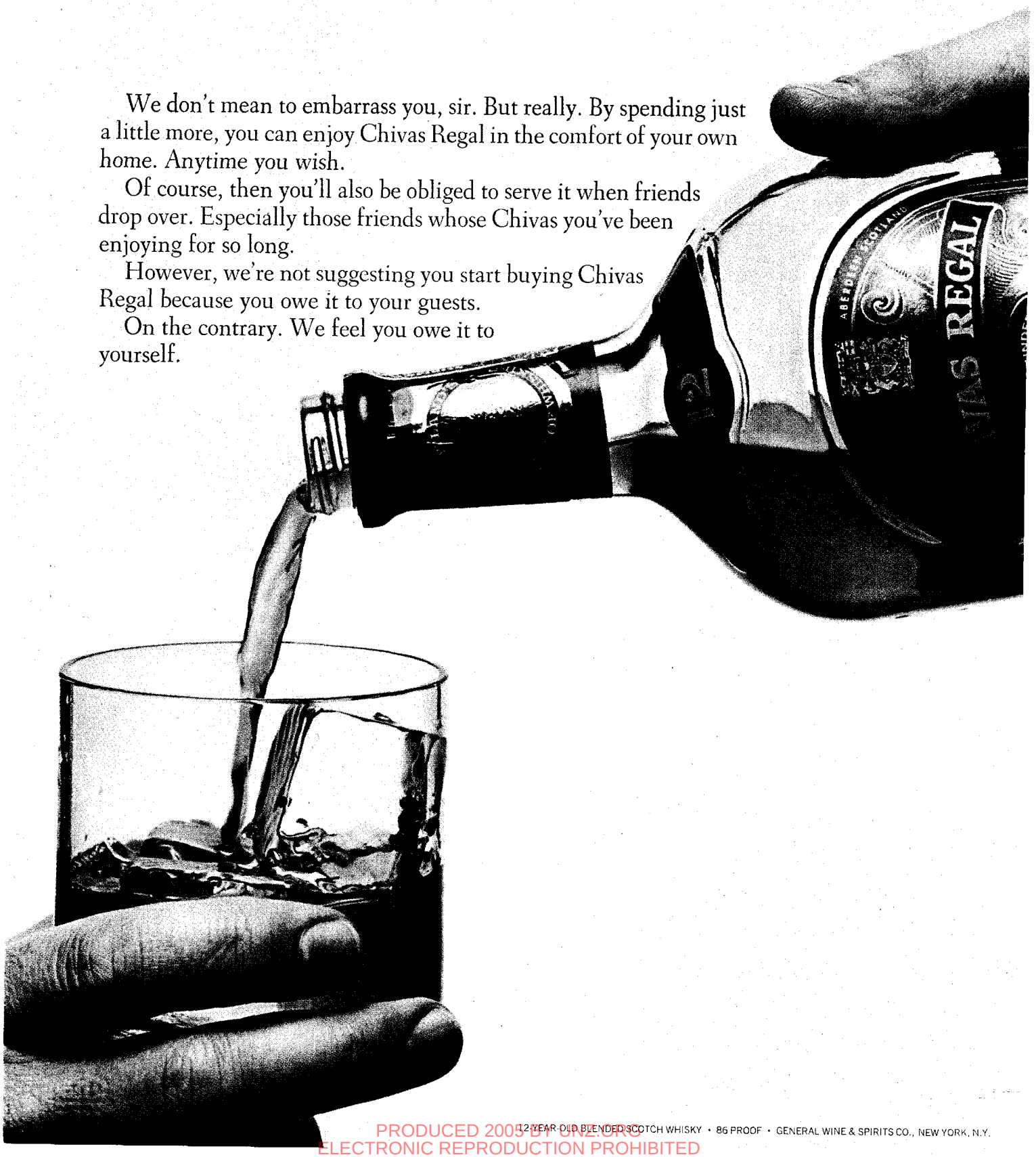
An appeal to the person who drinks Chivas Regal at everyone's house but his own:

We don't mean to embarrass you, sir. But really. By spending just a little more, you can enjoy Chivas Regal in the comfort of your own home. Anytime you wish.

Of course, then you'll also be obliged to serve it when friends drop over. Especially those friends whose Chivas you've been enjoying for so long.

However, we're not suggesting you start buying Chivas Regal because you owe it to your guests.

On the contrary. We feel you owe it to yourself.



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